

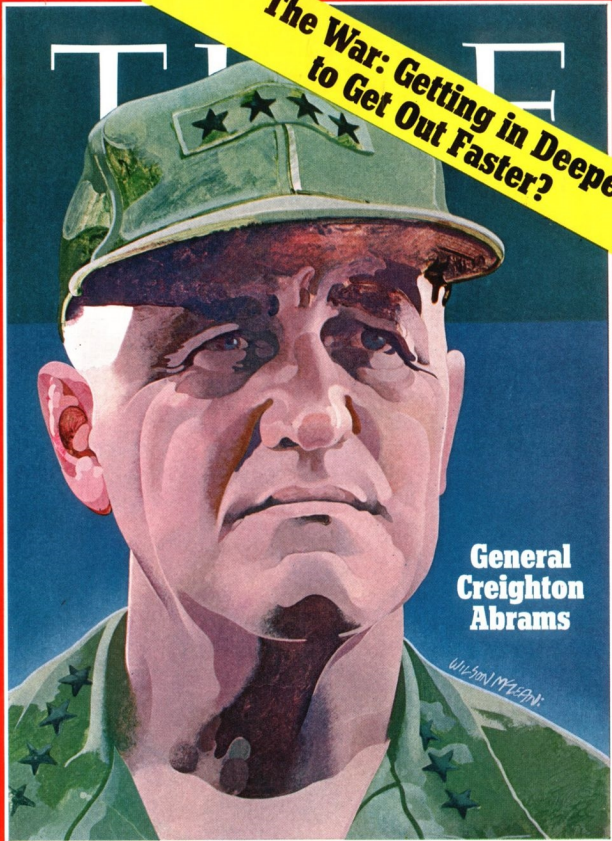
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- (4) kept off the road until that treatment is effective.

We urge you to help make sure your

state and local governments support this national countermeasures program.

Write a letter to your governor and your mayor. Tell them you want their full cooperation in the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's new Alcohol Safety Countermeasures Program.

It's time the Anti-Social Drinker saw things from your side for a change.



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LETTERS

Very Much Alive

Sir: Who said God is dead and the Catholic Church is archaic and unprogressive? He and it are very much alive in every fiber of Dan and Phil Berrigan [Jan. 25]—in their courageous mad struggle for some kind of human decency!

ANNE T. PETRO
Northfield, Ohio

Sir: It is my feeling that the Berrigans are bogus on two counts. They claim to represent Christ, but in their insurrection they behave contrary to his teaching and example. They claim to be proponents of peace, but their conduct is riotous. They are hypocrites.

ROY A. DAVISON
Roeselare, Belgium

Sir: Hearty congratulations on a brilliant article on the Berrigans. Having been a member of the cast in the premiere presentation of Daniel's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, I was one of many actors who finally found a "prophet." Daniel was still underground at the time of the presentation last summer, and the FBI harassment we as actors were forced to bear was perhaps ridiculous, if not downright unbelievable.

PETER STRAUSS
Los Angeles

Sir: To call the Berrigans prophets is a tragic cop-out. No extraordinary seers or saints, they are simply men who put us all to shame by their very human example of realistic courage, imagination and faith.

With no new knowledge or visions, they act out what every Christian could and should be doing.

(MRS.) CAROLYN L. WHITTLE
Newtonville, Mass.

Sir: Shall we again, once again kill our prophets—and leave it to our children to decorate their tombs?

Let us, for once, just this once—hear me now—just this once, let us try decorating before we bury.

JOSEPH F.X. CONTE
Bergen, Norway

Sir: One day, not too far off, Philip Berrigan should be nuts! of the United States. Here for once is a man who could be trusted with power, who has proved through his life that he has integrity of character and brains to govern. This would be the way out of your abysmal political mess, which makes millions of people unhappy and insecure.

And for good measure, Daniel Berrigan should be the next Pope, Amen.

ADDA RADUNZ
Vancouver, B.C.

Sir: "Christlike"—nuts! Thirteen pieces of silver to the Berrigans and Sister Lizzie.

(MRS.) MILDRED TULLY
Park Ridge, Ill.

Sir: From your article on these curious priests, I got the impression that you doubt their ability to do violence.

As I remember the draft board assaults, these men and their accomplices did do violence. They terrorized the personnel, committed arson, tore up property, poured blood around, and generally acted

like hoodlums and vandals. I hold that violence, like virginity and pregnancy, is not subject to degree.

G. MANNING MEACHAM
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sir: It seems that when Good Pope John XXIII opened the windows of the Catholic Church to let in fresh air, some of its clergy jumped out. The Berrigans must have landed on their heads.

RAYMOND M. ROBICHAUD
Laconia, N.H.

Baser Appetites

Sir: Thank you for your article entitled "The Shame of the Prisons" [Jan. 18].

Americans have not yet faced up to their grossly inconsistent practices concerning offenders. Vengeance and retribution feed our baser appetites, but the price in lives, property and taxes is immense. "Law-and-order" will come only as we develop policies and programs based on knowledge, rather than on sentiment.

JOSEPH R. PALMER, A.C.S.W.
Chairman, Parole Board
Adult Parole Authority
Columbus

Sir: "The Shame of the Prisons" is another example of the overwhelming permissiveness that pervades our entire society today. As a prosecutor whose jurisdiction includes the two main branches of the state prison system, I feel somewhat qualified to take issue with the ridiculous statements in your article.

If there is any deficiency in our penal system it is that too few criminals are

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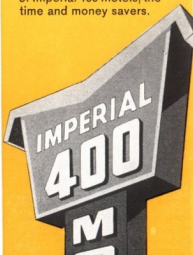
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AD 2247 (a)

84 years ago, this man was an Irishman.

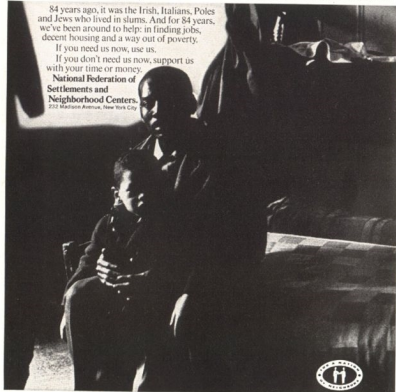
84 years ago, it was the Irish, Italians, Poles and Jews who lived in slums. And for 84 years, we've been around to help: in finding jobs, decent housing and a way out of poverty.

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222 Madison Avenue, New York City



locked up and that when they are imprisoned, they are treated with far too much consideration for the confinement to be a punishment.

MACK S. FUTCH
First Assistant State Attorney
Gainesville, Fla.

Too Big a Slice

Sir: TIME's story on Cambodia, "Pinching the Arteries" [Jan. 25], has Admiral Thomas H. Moorer describing the situation as deteriorating, though not really critical; later in the story, you say that the Communists "are trying to carve out staging areas in the northeast." Yet your accompanying map shows the Communists in almost total control of the country, with only a tiny sliver around Phnom-Penh in government hands and another relatively small area rated as "disputed." Which is correct?

KEN BILLINGS
Dallas

► TIME's map was based on incomplete information; the Communists do not control anywhere near so wide an area as pictured.

Service for Both

Sir: Having read a great deal on the plight of the Soviet Jews, I was impressed by the concise way you encompassed so many facts in a relatively short article [Jan. 25]. You have done a service for both the people who do not understand the problem and those of us who endeavor to explain it to them. Let us take a positive viewpoint and continue the "shouting." We have known the high cost of the "crime" of silence.

ROBERT HIRSCH
Vice Chairman
Bay Area Council on Soviet Jewry
San Francisco

Sir: Strange as it may seem, phone calls to Russian Jews are not so difficult to place as one might think. The greatest difficulty is obtaining the telephone number, since there are no phone books or information operators in the Soviet Union.

Our organization and our affiliated group—the California Students for Soviet Jews—have placed numerous phone calls to Jews in the Soviet Union, and we have found the people willing and eager to talk openly about the oppression they live under and about their desire to emigrate.

SI FRUMKIN
Southern California Council
for Soviet Jews
Los Angeles

Sympathy Reserved

Sir: So Arville Garland has received only expressions of sympathy after murdering his daughter and her three friends [Jan. 25]. There are, however, some of us who are appalled by his act and who reserve our sympathy for his daughter.

Those of us who do not advocate the death penalty for fornication, who value life and love over death and hatred, quietly go about trying to help others, including daughters who have to continue living with disturbed men like Garland.

DAVID LESTER, PH.D.
Teen-age Hotline
Suicide-Prevention and Crisis Service
Buffalo

Sir: As a member of what is commonly called the younger generation, I have had my fill of being called a moral degenerate

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*Independent 1970 Hotel-Motel Industry Study. Source supplied on request.



because of long hair, drugs, etc., by the likes of Mr. Arville Garland. If a person's life-style warrants his being murdered in his bed, then maybe there is justification for "Your truth is not truth; your values are without value."

WALLACE C. DEKLYN JR.
Rowayton, Conn.

Maybe We Did

Sir: Your article on the firing of John Burns [Jan. 25] strikes delicate nerves and makes us all shudder.

A long time ago, industries started throwing their wastes into our clean air and water. So pollution was spawned, and it grew bigger and bigger along with corporate profits.

Then along came Mr. Burns, who was forcing industries to clean up their own wastes. So what happened? He was fired.

It is too bloody bad that we did not have someone like Mr. Burns ten or 15 years ago—but maybe we did, and he was fired too.

RALPH R. DEBAISE
East Syracuse, N.Y.

A Modest Proposal

Sir: The amusing article on the proposal of Rhode Island's Bernard Gladstone to tax sexual intercourse [Jan. 25] is not original. Swift's Gulliver heard about such a proposal during his sojourn in Laputa: "The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favorites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and natures of the favors they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers."

WILLIAM D. ELLIS JR.
Jersey City

Sir: Although personally opposed to it because of the expense involved, I think State Legislator Gladstone's sex-tax proposal is an excellent idea for raising much needed revenue. Such a tax could easily be enforced by publishing locally the amount of tax paid each month by each man in the community. Even non-participants would probably pay. After all, what virile American male would want to admit that he's not getting any action?

DAVID THIESSEN
Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sir: That's about as personal as a tax can get! Do you think the Women's Lib gals will insist on making it Dutch treat and pay their half?

KATHLEEN CLARK
Los Angeles

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
February 15, 1971 Vol. 97 No. 7



AGNEW, PRINCESS SOPHIA, NEIL ARMSTRONG & PRINCE JUAN CARLOS WATCHING LIFT-OFF



SHEPARD ON THE MOON
Mobility is very great.

THE MOON

Man's Triumphant Return

SLOWLY, deliberately, the white-clad figure emerged from the spindly spacecraft and stepped into the glaring sunlight. In every direction stretched the barren hills and ridges of a forbidding landscape that has remained virtually unchanged since the moon was created. Alan Shepard could hardly describe what he saw. "It certainly is a stark place here at Fra Mauro," he said. Then, as his image flickered onto millions of TV screens back on earth, the 47-year-old Navy captain took the last two steps down the ladder of *Antares*, the lunar lander. Finally his heavy boots scuffed the soft, grayish-brown dust of the moon's ancient highlands. "It's been a long way," said Shepard, the first and oldest American ever to journey into space. "But we're here."

Four Americans had already trod on lunar soil, and the TV picture—the ghostly figure on the ladder, the sharp contrast between the black sky and the sun-drenched land—was strikingly familiar. Yet, for millions of viewers around the world, seeing a fellow man walking on the distant moon was still a wondrous experience. It was a dramatic reminder of what man, at his technological best, can achieve.

Moments later, Shepard's crewmate, Edgar Mitchell, followed him down the ladder. Twice the 40-year-old Navy commander hopped off the bottom steps.

The relaxed grip of lunar gravity left him as exhilarated as a child in a playground. "Mobility is very great under this 'crushing' one-sixth-G load," Mitchell told Mission Control back home in Houston. Then, with slow, effortless strides, Shepard and Mitchell teamed up for the most ambitious program of lunar exploration ever undertaken. For nearly ten hours, the fifth and sixth human visitors to the moon crisscrossed their Fra Mauro landing site, set up a \$25 million package of scientific instruments, collected 108 lbs. of rocks and soil, and ventured more than half a mile from their ship up the 400-ft.-high walls of a crater.

Recalcitrant Probe. From the very start of the nine-day voyage, the mission was plagued by a succession of nagging glitches that repeatedly tested the patience, skill and ingenuity of both the astronauts and the technicians on the ground. Barely three hours after the rain-delayed launch, the mission was in serious trouble. After cutting *Kitty Hawk* loose, turning it about in space, and trying to extract the lunar module *Antares* from the nose of the third-stage S-4B rocket, Command Ship Pilot Stu Roosa encountered a mysterious docking problem. Five times he edged his spacecraft toward the lunar module, but *Kitty Hawk's* docking probe stubbornly refused to catch inside the funnel-

shaped receptacle atop *Antares*. Inexplicably, the probe's three spring-loaded latches, which worked flawlessly on previous missions, refused to grab.

In Houston, engineers feverishly tried to solve the problem by experimenting with a duplicate of the troublesome docking mechanism. As minutes dragged by without any noticeable progress, the technical drama seemed faintly reminiscent of the struggle to patch up Apollo 13 for its limping return to earth last April. This time the astronauts themselves were not in any danger—they could orbit the moon in *Kitty Hawk* and return safely—but it was clear that without a functioning docking apparatus, *Antares* was virtually useless, and there could be no lunar landing.

Exasperated, Mission Control radioed one more suggestion. Roosa was told to close in slowly on the LM, then fire his small control rockets, or thrusters, to give the command ship a sudden forward jolt. Simultaneously, he was to retract the recalcitrant probe. That way, he could eliminate the nonworking piece of equipment from the operation; the astronauts would rely instead on the two mated collars on each ship to make a so-called "hard" dock. Not only did the two collars lock, but the balky latches also sprang loose and caught.

Once the docking crisis passed, the astronauts settled down to the normal routine of space travel—mid-course corrections, meals at odd hours, comments on the beauty of the receding earth. "I hope we can keep it so inviting," said Mitchell. Still, they were hardly a talkative crew. After one especially long silence, Houston jogged them a little: "Just wanted to see if you all were still around." A little later, Shepard remarked: "Everything is quiet, going along extremely smoothly, and we have a happy little ship here."

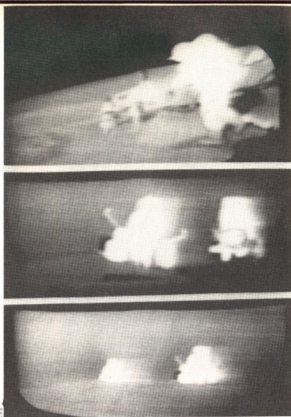
Not quite. After Shepard and Mitchell made the usual in-flight inspection of the lunar lander, an unexpected voltage drop was discovered in one of the two batteries of *Antares's* ascent stage, which would take the astronauts off

the moon. The reading was only three-tenths of a volt lower than normal; yet mission controllers felt that it might be a sign of more serious trouble—a leakage in the LM's critical electrical circuitry, for example. That too could have barred a moon landing. Happily, a subsequent check by Mitchell, who holds a doctorate in astronautics from M.I.T., showed that the battery had suffered no further deterioration. Vastly relieved, Apollo Program Director Rocco Petrone said in Houston: "We haven't seen anything to preclude a descent to the moon."

Early Thursday morning, as the approaching lunar landscape filled the windows of the command ship, *Roosa* fired *Kitty Hawk's* main engine for a full 6 min. 12 sec. Its velocity slowed, Apollo 14 swung into a 168.8-by-58.5-nautical-mile "rollercoaster" orbit. Gazing down on the wild landscape below them, the astronauts became more talkative. "You're not gonna believe this," joshed *Roosa*, "but it looks just like the map." Added Mitchell, who grew up on a ranch in New Mexico: "That's the most stark, desolate looking piece of country I've ever seen." Four hours later they got an even closer look at the lunar countryside. By firing *Kitty Hawk's* engine for another 22 sec., they reduced their orbit to a tight loop of only 9.6 by 58.8 miles; *Kitty Hawk* was now traveling closer to the lunar surface than any of its predecessors. It was only about seven miles above the moon's highest mountain ranges.

Then, shortly after Shepard and Mitchell crawled into the lunar lander and cast off from the mother ship, flight controllers found still another pesky problem: a spurious signal was being fed into the LM's on-board computer. Apparently caused by a defect in a switch, the signal would have ordered an automatic abort shortly after *Antares's* descent engine was fired. The ascent engine in the lander's upper stage would then have fired immediately, stopping *Antares's* descent and blasting it back into orbit.

Hastily called by Mission Control, the computer's designers at M.I.T.'s Charles Stark Draper Lab improvised a solution while *Antares* was behind the moon and out of radio contact. The electronic brain's logic circuitry would be instructed to ignore the false signal. This required that Mitchell start feeding 60 new numbers into the computer before the descent engine was fired. Had the computer team lost its race against the clock, *Antares* would have had to make another time-con-



PULLING RICKSHA, HAULING EXPERIMENTS, DISAPPEARING IN VALLEY
Up to the armpits in moon dust.

suming swing around the moon before the descent could be attempted.

There were more tense moments ahead. On previous missions the on-board landing radars that control the descent rate of the LMs had locked onto the moon's terrain when the craft were about 30,000 ft. above the surface. As *Antares* swooped below that altitude, its radar remained ominously inactive. "C'mon, radar," Mitchell implored. "Get the lock-on." No response. Up from Houston came instructions to flick a circuit breaker off and on. Then, at 23,500 ft., the radar suddenly came alive. "Whew," said Mitchell. "That was close."

Bull's-Eye. At 7,600 ft., the LM pitched over into an upright position, giving the moon-bound astronauts their first view of their target. For the first time, Shepard's voice betrayed his excitement. "There's Cone Crater!" he shouted as he picked out the 1,000-ft.-wide landmark that the astronauts hoped to scale. "Right on the money," he added. "Shoot for the moon, Al," urged Mitchell, who calmly called off the altitude, rate of descent and remaining fuel reserves: "Sixteen feet per second, 500 feet, 15 feet per second. Your fuel is good at 10%."

At 170 ft., Shepard momentarily kept the mooncraft at a helicopter-like hover; then he steered it forward. "O.K., 7% fuel. You're still at 170 ft. indicated." As the rocket exhaust pounded the lunar surface, Mitchell said: "There's good dust. You're on your own. Starting down, starting down. Forty feet, 20

feet, 10, contact, Al. We're on the surface. We made a good landing."

They had. After a journey of more than a quarter of a million miles, Apollo 14 had set down on a gentle, dusty slope between two small lunar features called Doublet and Triplet Craters, a scant 87 ft. north of the preplanned target. "About the flattest place around here," commented Shepard proudly as he surveyed the narrow, boulder-strewn highland valley.

Despite the bull's-eye landing, problems continued to dog Apollo 14. Once he donned his \$100,000 moon suit, Shepard discovered that its urine tube was badly twisted and that its radio did not work properly. The tube was soon untwisted and 49 minutes later the radio trouble was tracked down: a circuit breaker had been left in the wrong position. Already late when they started on their first EVA (Extra-Vehicular Activity), the astronauts were beset by more nagging delays.

Among other problems, the large umbrella-shaped S-band antenna (used to beam signals to earth) refused to open properly. Most exasperating of all, it took nearly ten minutes to erect the third U.S. flag on the moon.

White Blobs. Finally the preliminary chores were completed, and the two astronauts loped off with their cargo of experiments and geological equipment. Mitchell lugged the familiar barbell carrier for the Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package (ALSEP). "This darn thing is heavier than I expected," he said, pausing for a moment to regain his breath. Shepard, pulling his gear along on a ricksha-like handcart, which left three-quarter-inch-deep tracks in the lunar soil, seemed to be exerting himself less. As they headed into a depression in the lunar terrain, the two astronauts (who looked like gleaming white blobs on TV screens) seemed to be sinking slowly into the moon. Informed of the strange sight, Shepard answered: "Nothing like being up to your armpits in lunar dust."

The fine dust was no joke. It sorely tried the patience of the astronauts as they tried to set up nuclear-powered experiments about 400 ft. west of *Antares*. Complaining that he was having "a devil of a time," Mitchell struggled to loosen a dust-clogged fastener on the suprathermal ion detector that was designed to record the presence of any gases on the moon. Another particle detector, the cold cathode ion gauge, fell over repeatedly in the dusty soil. The most frustrating experience occurred when Mitchell tried to work the thumper, a walking-stick-like device

with explosives packed into a canister at its bottom. It was designed to slam a bottom plate against the moon's surface, thus producing shallow seismic waves from which scientists can draw conclusions about the moon's "topsoil." For all of Mitchell's efforts, only 13 of the thumper's 21 charges actually fired. "A hair trigger this isn't," Mitchell grumbled. Slightly bemused by his moonmate's troubles, Shepard observed: "Fair batting average, big league stuff."

Unqualified Success. To the relief of the geologists, Mission Control was impressed by the astronauts' physical reactions and extended their first moon walk an extra half-hour. As a result, they were able to collect a booty of 50 lbs. of rocks, including two large specimens each nearly as big as a football. Shepard tantalized the geologists by reporting that one of those heavyweight samples contained a "large crystal deposit" and was also well pitted. Then, as time began to run out, the astronauts used their peculiar, low-gravity lunar loop to hurry back to the LM. As Shepard struggled with the rock-filled ricksha, Mitchell warned: "Don't run into that crater, Al." "Don't worry, babe," Shepard replied cheerily.

For Mitchell, there was one final frustrating moment. Just as he was about to stow his sample-carrying rock bag in the moon ship, it slipped out of his hands. He had to retrieve it with a rock-gathering tool. Tired and dust-stained after a record moon walk of 4 hr. 47 min., the astronauts re-entered the LM for a necessary and well-earned rest. Despite the annoyances, their first EVA had been an unequalled success.

Stimulated by their first tour and impatient to continue their exploration, Shepard and Mitchell emerged from *Antares* for their second moon walk two hours ahead of schedule. They headed off-camera to the east with their equipment-loaded ricksha, stopping often to grab rocks, photograph the terrain, take core samples of the soil, and regale the eager scientists at Mission Control with detailed geological descriptions.

After walking more than half a mile across the bewildering terrain, Shepard and Mitchell slowly began to climb up the steeper side of Cone Crater. But as they picked their way past the many car-sized boulders on the dusty slope, the going got tougher and

tougher. Once, after he had dropped to one knee to pick up a rock, Shepard needed help getting back to his feet. Halfway up the slope, puffing under the burden of his stiff suit and heavy equipment, Shepard began to voice doubts that they would be able to reach the rim, where they had hoped to recover the geological prize of the voyage: 4.6-billion-year-old rocks carved out of the moon's original crust by the meteorite that created the crater. "Aw, gee whiz," said Mitchell, urging him on. "Let's give it a whirl." Shepard objected. Climbing farther, he said, would waste too much of the remaining time. Finally, after Mitchell's heartbeat had increased to 128 and Shepard's to 150, Mission Control interceded. Orders were given to halt the hard climb. "I think you're finks," Mitchell protested. Disappointed, he and Shepard turned back. They had climbed only two-thirds of the way up the slope.

Lunar Duffer. Their spirits did not sag for long. As they moved back into the camera's field of view at the end of their rock-gathering tour, Shepard reached into a pocket in his space suit and pulled out the surprise of the mission: two golf balls that he had smuggled onto the moon. In pre-astronaut days he was an avid golfer; now, using one of the implements from his tool cart as a club, he took a one-handed swing at the first ball. "I'm trying a sand-trap shot," he joked as he sprayed lunar dust. "Looked more like a slice to me, Al," said Mitchell. She-

pard's second swing was apparently more successful. "There it goes," he shouted, "miles and miles and miles." Then Shepard had one final fling: a javelin-like heave sent a discarded pole from a lunar experiment soaring out of sight. Well satisfied by their second EVA, a walk of 41 hours that netted 58 more pounds of moon rock, Shepard and Mitchell re-entered the lunar module and prepared for the trip home.

Unlike the rainy launch from Cape Kennedy, the blast-off from the atmosphere-free moon was entirely uneventful; the astronauts headed directly for a rendezvous with their lonely buddy, Stu Roosa, in the command ship still in lunar orbit. They docked only 1 hr. 38 min. later on their first attempt. There was no repetition of the mysterious difficulties encountered early in the flight. After Mitchell and Shepard transferred to the command module with their precious lunar samples, the burned-out ascent-stage of their lunar lander was sent crashing into the moon—providing seismologists with still another set of revealing shock waves. Next the astronauts fired *Kitty Hawk's* main engine once more to push them out of lunar orbit and put them on a course toward earth and a splashdown in the South Pacific Tuesday afternoon. For all its nerve-racking moments, Apollo 14's mission apparently provided a rich new storehouse of material and scientific data from the moon. It also proved that, for the time being at least, man as a lunar explorer is still superior to a machine.

McDIVITT AT MISSION CONTROL



SHEPARD'S DAUGHTER LAURA & WIFE



MITCHELL'S WIFE & DAUGHTERS EXAMINE PICTURES OF ASTRONAUT



ROOSA'S WIFE & CHILDREN WATCH LUNACAST



THE NATION

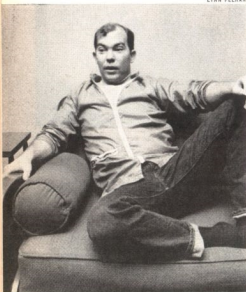
AMERICAN NOTES

The Hero Calley

According to the Army's charges against him, Lieut. William Calley killed 102 Vietnamese civilians at My Lai three years ago. But in the long process of his trial at Fort Benning, Ga., Rusty Calley has become a celebrity, almost a hero to some. His secretary has collected 10,000 fan letters v. seven in a file marked "de rogatory." Paul Harvey, the conservative commentator, has dispatched no fewer than 25 letters. In the first, Harvey said: "I have every confidence that you are a fine military officer that we can all be proud of." A Calley friend in Atlanta declares: "He's one of the few real men left in this country. He's being crucified by his government and keeping his cool because he loves his country."

When Calley travels, Delta Air Lines in Columbus, Ga., wires ahead to ensure him VIP treatment; recently Delta gave him a first-class seat though he held a coach ticket. When he stops at a bar, Calley invariably finds his drink tab (bourbon and Seven-Up) collected by an admirer. While in Washington, where he was undergoing psychiatric tests last week, he had \$10 thrust at him by a stranger. In Columbus, Calley and his friends are always guests of the house at the Chickasaw Supper Club. A local wine shop gives him a discount. The president of the Fourth National Bank personally expedites Calley's transactions. One day Calley presented his check in a Gatlinburg, Tenn., bank and the teller said, "Gee, no kidding, you're Lieutenant Calley?" The check went through immediately.

LYNN PELHAM



CALLEY IN ATLANTA
Flying first-class.

Resisting the Plain Wrappers

Peeling back the plain brown wrappers that arrive unbidden in their mailboxes, Americans are often startled to confront erotic tableaux that range from the elaborately Oriental to the nearly gynecological. Last week a law took effect that could reduce the flow of pornography somewhat. According to the new measure, incorporated into the Postal Reorganization Act last year, anyone who does not want to receive pornographic material can go to the nearest post office and request that his name be entered on a computerized list. Thereafter, any pornographer who sends "sexually oriented ads" to a person on the list is liable to a fine of up to \$5,000 and five years in prison.

The new law will make the pornographer's trade at least a bit more difficult. For one thing, the cost of obtaining the Government's roster will be between \$5,000 and \$10,000. Then the pornographer must laboriously match up his own mailing list against the Postal Service's. Although the law will undoubtedly face numerous legal challenges, the effect could be to drive smaller pornographers out of business and leave the field to a few large, computerized firms. Should that happen, of course, Americans might look forward to the day when the Justice Department could bring antitrust suits against smut conglomerates for cornering the market in filthy pictures.

Allen's Law

George E. Allen, lawyer, raconteur and poker-playing intimate of Presidents (F.D.R., Truman, Eisenhower), has made some money in the stock market over the years. Not, however, on any inside tips from his friends. His secret: Allen's Law of Politico-Market Cycles.

Stock prices, he contends, always rise in the third year of a President's administration. At the beginning of a term, everyone wishes the new Chief Executive well, but disillusion quickly sets in. The honeymoon ends, many pledges go unfulfilled. The market reacts by going down. The off-year election adds to the upset as the opposition flails at the White House and the President sometimes finds himself unable to influence congressional races. In his third year, says Allen, a President either starts running for his own re-election or begins thinking of his party's prospects to hold the White House. In either case, the pump priming begins.

Allen's plottings of market trends going back to 1945 generally support the idea, as does the currently climbing market. Allen confidently predicts that the price of stocks will rise from 20% to 30% this year, and that they will do so again in 1975 regardless of who wins the 1972 election.



JOE SCHWARTZ—LIFE

EISENHOWER & ALLEN
Banking on the third year.

Mom's Kids

As the father of "momism" in *Generation of Vipers*, Polemicist-Novelist Philip Wylie has a certain reputation to live up to. In his own way, he turned the crank letter into a literary form. In that eruption 29 years ago, he added to the sum of human cholera by announcing, among other things: "Gentlemen, mom is a jerk."

Well, all right. In the years since, even Sophie Portnoy has survived. Now Wylie, the kind of man who spindles and mutilates his phone bills as a matter of principle, has come forth with *Sons and Daughters of Mom*. Wylie turns his venom from Mom to Mom's long-haired Woodstock children: "second generation vipers" or "arrogant pip-squeaks" given to "self-pity and vacuous dreams." Are the young correct that no one listens to them? Says Wylie: "Too Goddamn many people listen to them."

It is difficult, though, to dislike a curmudgeon who so improbably combines the sensibilities of Spiro Agnew and Herbert Marcuse, a mind endowed with such splenic fury that it damns kids, television commentators and Silent Majority alike. Any man with the perverse gall to propose raising the national voting age to 30 might be more interesting than his critics think.

Lend-Lease

U.S.-made weapons turn up in the oddest corners and conflicts. Five Sherman tanks of World War II vintage were used last month when the armed forces of Uganda overthrew the government of President Milton Obote. How did they get there? Originally a U.S. contribution to the Soviet Union under Lend-Lease, the tanks were later given by the Russians to the Egyptians. Israel captured them during the Six-Day War. After an overhaul, the tanks went to Uganda under an Israeli military-aid program. Next mission?

Sharing Loaves and Fishes

LIKE many vacation-bound Americans, Richard Nixon had ambitious reading plans during his three-day rest in the Virgin Islands last week. He took along three books, each of them "dull," he said. It is not known how much reading he got done in all that sunshine, but one selection, Robert Blake's biography of Benjamin Disraeli, was especially apt. The great Tory, who 100 years ago led his country into a memorable period of progressive reform, once wrote: "All power is a trust . . . we are accountable for its exercise; from the people, and for the people, all springs, and all must exist."

Nixon, too, is attempting to alter the course of recent decades with a radical innovation. When he returned to Washington last week, he sent Congress his detailed recommendations for "general" revenue sharing, which in its first full year of operation would give the states and municipalities \$5 billion in new federal money—along with near-total freedom in spending it. The President faces strong opposition as he presses forward with what he has called a new American revolution. The original had a still-remembered fiscal catch phrase, "No taxation without representation"; Nixon framed an argument that might be summarized, less stirringly, as "No accountability without accessibility."

Unpassed Buck. Nixon addressed the critics' basic objection: that unless the officials who spend tax money are the ones who raise it, the funds will be used irresponsibly and with no regard for the taxpayers' pressure. Nixon's reply: "Giving states and localities the power to spend certain federal tax monies will increase the influence of each citizen on how those monies are used.

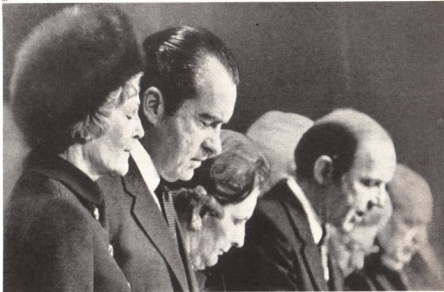
It will enhance accountability. The reason for this is that accountability really depends, in the end, on accessibility—on how easily a given official can be held responsible for his spending decisions."

The President also dealt with a related objection: that government spending already lacks restraint and, under revenue sharing, would be entirely unchecked. Nixon's answer: "It will be harder for states and local officials to excuse their errors by pointing to empty treasuries or to pass the buck by blaming federal bureaucrats for misdirected spending."

Pauper's Bequest. Though Nixon did not name him, the man he was answering is Wilbur Mills; the House Ways and Means Committee chairman has made

the Democratic opposition. "He's not going to outmaneuver me," said Mills.

The Arkansas Democrat will put together his own aid package—not only to block the political punch he sees coming but also to meet what he too acknowledges is a worsening financial outlook for the states and cities. But while Nixon would deliberately reverse the pattern of power and responsibility that has grown between Washington and the states, Mills would reinforce it. The chairman's proposal would involve federally determined programs with more stringent federal control, but he would substantially increase the U.S. share of those programs' cost. "We'll continue to hold the power over priorities," he said. "We're now paying 56% of all welfare. What if we made that 66% or 70%?" His plan would have the same net effect as revenue sharing; it would



THE NIXONS AT WASHINGTON PRAYER BREAKFAST*
The slogan doesn't sing, but the issues are basic.

* The others: Lord David Cecil's *Melbourne* and Anatole France's *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*.



"I FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY.
NOW, LET'S PROCEED WITH THE TRIAL."

plain his implacable opposition to revenue sharing. Normally as cautious in manner as he is with federal spending, Mills has become increasingly bitter over the economic picture presented in Nixon's budget as well as the political potential in the revenue-sharing plan. Mills believes that Nixon's deliberately expansionary budget would produce not the announced \$11.6 billion deficit, but one of at least \$24 billion and possibly as high as \$30 billion. He contends that Nixon both overestimated revenue and underestimated expenses.

Mills told a friend last week: "Revenue sharing isn't anything but a gratuity in a will signed by a pauper." The plan, he thinks, is actually a political ploy; the President supposedly would not mind if the Democratic Congress rejected revenue sharing. Then he would campaign in 1972 as the man who tried to finance the solution of local problems only to be thwarted by

free some state and local funds for other, locally determined uses.

If Mills' analysis of revenue sharing as a political stratagem is correct, there is little evidence of it yet. Most congressional comment has been cautious. A principal ally of Mills' in opposition to Nixon is the ranking Republican on Ways and Means, John Byrnes of Wisconsin. Liberal Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois also shares Mills' view, but liberal Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller—desperately in need of more federal aid for New York—is a leader in the fight for Nixon's plan.

The President is counting on broad support from local officials throughout the country. In part to help rouse that sentiment, Treasury Department com-

* With Mrs. B. Everett Jordan, wife of the North Carolina Senator, and Labor Secretary James D. Hodgson.

puters last week began preparing a list that would show what every municipality in the nation would receive. But so complicated are the formulas that the programmers erred and the first computer print-out was wrong; officials hope that a new list will become available this week.

Pass-Through Problem. Under the plan, money distributed to the states each year would amount to 1.3% of federally taxable personal income, and thus would increase along with the tax base. State allotments would be determined not only by population, but also according to how much a state taxed its citizens. The more such "tax effort" a state made, the more help it would get under Nixon's plan. The big question is, what happens to the federal money after it gets to the state capitals? The problem of "pass-through," as it is known in bureaucratese, is one the Administration had hoped to avoid. It had originally sought to distribute funds to the states on the basis of population only. Then, in effect, the cities and counties would have had to fight it out with their statehouses. But urban leaders throughout the country demanded and won a change in the Administration proposal.

The plan now calls for a clearly defined split in the funds, with an average of 52% for the states and 48% for the cities. Where cities already collect heavily in taxes, they would get proportionately more than lower-taxing suburbs. The Administration proposal also contains an alternative to the 52-48 approach, an option designed to further local initiative. It offers a 10% aid bonus to any state where Governor, legislature and more than half the cities—containing at least half the state's population—agree on how to use the federal funds. Involved as they are, the formulas will seem simple compared with the details Nixon will soon be providing to explain the other aspect of his new federalism—a "special" revenue-sharing plan to turn many narrow-gauged federal programs into six broad ones. The \$10 billion that now finances these restricted programs and \$1 billion in new money will be used for special revenue sharing.

Though the fight will probably get rough later, the President last week was campaigning for general revenue sharing in the most apolitical manner possible. He invoked George Washington, Winston Churchill and the Old Testament. When King Solomon ascended the throne, the President told a prayer-meeting breakfast, he did not ask for wealth or power, but said, "Give thy servant an understanding heart." From Byrnes, the President got instead another biblical quotation to describe how Governors and mayors are lusting after federal money. "They see it as manna from heaven," Byrnes said, "as if it's the miracle of the loaves and fishes. I don't think we've been invested with the supernatural powers to work the miracle of the loaves and the fishes."

THE STATES

Appraising the Legislatures

No man's life, liberty or property are safe while the legislature is in session.

Since Judge Gideon J. Tucker of New York approvingly cited that hyperbolic appraisal 105 years ago, state legislatures in the U.S. have improved. The director of a new study released last week concluded that "corruption is less widespread than we had thought; not many votes are bought for cash." Otherwise, the most comprehensive inquiry ever made of the lawmaking process at state level was bearish. Though considerable differences turned up between the best and worst bodies, many were judged to be inept, understaffed, poorly paid and in "disarray." The study has special relevance now because of the Administration's revenue-sharing plan. Much of the debate about the merits of that plan already centers on the quality of state and local governments—including legislatures—which would spend a significant part of the new dollars from Washington.

Ambitious Task. The 14-month study, financed by a \$200,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, was conducted by the nonpartisan, nonprofit Citizens Conference on State Legislatures. From its Kansas City base, the group has been working for legislative reform since 1965, but it had never before undertaken the ambitious task of examining all 50 legislatures, then ranking each in descending order of quality (see box).

No attempt was made to evaluate the legislation the state lawmakers produce, since there is no objective basis for comparison. Instead, 15 investigators, headed by the conference's executive director Larry Margolis, employed a 156-part questionnaire to get information on the quality of each legislature. The questions went to legislators and their



GEORGIA'S LEGISLATURE

Not many votes bought for cash—

staff members in each of the states. The basis for rating was the degree to which legislatures "function effectively, account to the public for their actions, gather and use information, avoid undue influence and represent the interests of their people."

Alabama, No. 50, underscored the inadequacies most dramatically. Its legislature meets for only 36 days, yet divides into 52 separate committees. Each state senator serves on at least four committees, leaving little time to become familiar with that many specialties. The only staff help the legislature gets is from four elderly women who run a legislative reference service. No legislator has an office; much of the business is transacted in the corridors or the cafeteria. Other states that provide no office space: Iowa, Ohio, Utah and Indiana.

Secret Votes. The Alabama legislature is also under what the investigators call "incredible executive domination" by the Governor. By practice, he even appoints the Speaker of the House. Roll-call votes in committees, where the real decisions are made, are never published. A legislator thus can shape and push a bill in committee to please a special interest group, or for any other reason, without his constituents knowing what he has done.

Alabama, at least, is aware of its shortcomings and is trying to overcome them. The legislature created a study committee in 1969 that has made 68 recommendations for reform, which are now under consideration for approval. That is not true of Wyoming, which ranks 49th and seems unconcerned. Its

How They Rate

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. California | 26. Tennessee |
| 2. New York | 27. Oregon |
| 3. Illinois | 28. Colorado |
| 4. Florida | 29. Massachusetts |
| 5. Wisconsin | 30. Maine |
| 6. Iowa | 31. Kentucky |
| 7. Hawaii | 32. New Jersey |
| 8. Michigan | 33. Louisiana |
| 9. Nebraska | 34. Virginia |
| 10. Minnesota | 35. Missouri |
| 11. New Mexico | 36. Rhode Island |
| 12. Alaska | 37. Vermont |
| 13. Nevada | 38. Texas |
| 14. Oklahoma | 39. New Hampshire |
| 15. Utah | 40. Indiana |
| 16. Ohio | 41. Montana |
| 17. South Dakota | 42. Mississippi |
| 18. Idaho | 43. Arizona |
| 19. Washington | 44. South Carolina |
| 20. Maryland | 45. Georgia |
| 21. Pennsylvania | 46. Arkansas |
| 22. North Dakota | 47. North Carolina |
| 23. Kansas | 48. Delaware |
| 24. Connecticut | 49. Wyoming |
| 25. West Virginia | 50. Alabama |



AP/WIDEWORLD

IN JOINT SESSION
no one seems to know the lawmakers.

legislature is allowed to meet only 40 days (including Sundays and holidays) every other year and does not even have the power to extend its session if business is incomplete. It is forbidden to take any action between sessions; it cannot even conduct studies. Not one employee is engaged in research to help members understand pending legislation. The Wyoming legislators earn only \$1,640 for the two years (although the pay per day is high).

Lunch-Hour Reading. While Alabama and Wyoming have the weakest overall legislative systems, other states have even worse specific shortcomings. New Hampshire pays its lawmakers the least: \$100 each per year. With 424 seats, it also has the largest and most unwieldy membership. Mississippi has the most committees, 90. In three states—Kansas, Arizona and Nebraska—the law requires that pending bills be read aloud in their entirety to the chambers; few legislators listen and the reading is sometimes done during lunch-hour recesses. The separation of powers is seriously blurred in Georgia, where the lieutenant-governor is a powerful figure in the state legislature.

Legislatures are also hamstringing in other ways through no fault of their own. In 33 states they cannot call themselves into special session when the need arises, but are dependent upon Governors, who often can limit the agenda. In Utah, the state supreme court has ruled that the legislature does not even exist for legal purposes except when it is sitting—nor does it have the power to hire any attorneys of its own.

The net effect of such failings is that legislators are forced to cram much work into few days. Without staff help, they often have to rely on lobbyists to analyze what a bill might accomplish, to supply basic facts and often to write the very legislation. There is rarely any way to discourage a legislator from voting on measures that affect his own business or profession. The low pay makes lawmaking a part-time job in which the member's private interests may be his main reason for running.

California's top ranking results partly from the fact that the state has made the legislator's job nearly full time. California pays its members \$19,200 a year (highest in the nation; the average is \$13,733 for two years). They meet about nine months annually. Its 80-man Assembly can call on the help of 600 researchers, administrative assistants and secretaries to help prepare bills. It commonly pays outside consultants up to \$100 a day to study issues facing the legislature. Not every state can afford that kind of support, but many could be more openhanded than they now are. The average state spends only one-fifth of 1% of its annual budget to operate its legislature.

Why is the general quality of legislatures so low? The report contends that too many citizens are simply "unaware of their legislatures and unconcerned about them." The nation's 7,800 state legislators are the lawmakers whom no one seems to know. Yet, as the report points out, the legislatures are "the keystone of the American federal system," and "the state has life and death powers over its cities." Because of the way federal grants and programs must be put into effect at state levels, "federal policies succeed or fail largely on the basis of state action or inaction."

THE CONGRESS Warning for the Chairmen

In the record books, the score of last week's competition among House Democrats will have to read Aging Conservatives 4, Youngish Reformers 0. The oldsters in the party caucus defeated several moves: to 1) set an age limit of 70 for committee chairmen; 2) restrict them to eight years of service; 3) elect a Northern liberal instead of a Southern conservative to the Ways and Means Committee; 4) oust one incumbent chairman. Yet the ferment itself indicated the changing tone in the tradition-minded House of Representatives; the seniority system is no longer sacrosanct.

The reformers' main target was South Carolina Representative John L. McMillan, 72, who has ruled the District of Columbia Committee for 22 years with a combination of indifference and testiness that has made him unpopular even among his committee colleagues. The capital has no legislative body with power to appropriate funds and is dependent for its allocations upon the Congress, which relies almost entirely upon

its D.C. Committees to handle District affairs. A conservative white Southerner, McMillan acts, in effect, as the unelected mayor of a black city. The D.C. Committee has long been disliked by black Washingtonians. Therefore the reformers hoped to replace McMillan with Michigan's Charles Diggs Jr., 48, a black. The vote was 126 to retain McMillan, 96 to oust him, with two ballots for Diggs disqualified. Hence the chairman's plurality was only 28.

No Small Shift. That a vote was taken at all represented some gain for reform, since the appointment of chairmen on the basis of seniority had been virtually automatic since 1910. Last month, each party decided to empower its caucus with what amounts to a veto over such selections. The vote last week was the first attempt to use it.

The rising strength of the liberals was also indicated by the fact that Minnesota's Donald M. Fraser, chairman of the liberal Democratic Study Group, came within 15 votes of defeating Louisiana's Joe D. Waggoner, a conservative with 10 years in Congress, for a seat on the Ways and Means Committee.

While they may be gaining, the re-



McMILLAN
No longer sacrosanct.

formers obviously still lack enough muscle to convert their ideas into policy. But they seem determined to keep trying, and with increasing prospects of future success. A committee chairman can no longer consider his post an irrevocable gift of the years. Conceded one veteran: "I wouldn't want to be the top man on my committee if my colleagues didn't want me there." As reform is measured in the House of Representatives, that is no small shift.

TEXAS

The Founder

Even during the Great Depression, none of Houston's banks failed. Last month, however, the queues began forming each day before dawn outside the defunct Sharpstown State Bank as depositors applied for payouts from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. The agency was making good on accounts—but only up to \$20,000 each. About \$16 million seemed, for the time being, lost to depositors.

Nor was that the only loss in what was shaping up as a Texas financial-political scandal large enough to eclipse Billie Sol Estes' capers of a decade ago. According to the Securities and Exchange Commission, which has filed a civil suit in a Dallas federal court against 15 individuals and 13 Texas companies, the conspiracy involved fraudulent manipulation of stock prices, trading in unregistered stock, and arranging bank loans and stock trades beneficial to politicians. Though not named as defendants in the suit, a number of the highest Democratic state leaders are implicated, including Governor Preston Smith. Amidst the debris:

► The Strake Jesuit College Preparatory school, through its dealing with Frank Sharp, a central figure in the SEC suit, lost \$6,000,000.

► National Bankers Life Insurance Co. and the Olympic Life Insurance Co., both controlled by Sharp, have been taken over by the state of Texas while the SEC surveys the damage. Stockholders are suing the former managements, claiming that "insiders" reaped big profits by manipulating stocks.

► One witness in the year-long SEC investigation, Michael Makris, a Houston businessman, has been indicted for committing perjury concerning his involve-

ment with Sharp and the Jesuit school. A federal grand jury is to reconvene later this month and it may consider further criminal proceedings.

The defendants, charged the SEC in its civil suit, "systematically looted the banks and insurance companies involved in their scheme." Said one official: "As far as can be determined, this is the biggest case we've ever had. It may run up into the tens of millions of dollars."

Big as Houston. The scope is appropriate to the ambitions of Frank Sharp, 64, an East Texas country boy who abandoned the plow at 19 to learn big-city ways. He became a wealthy real estate developer after World War II; one suburban project alone involved 15,000 houses. "You just wait," he once said. "Some day I'll have a city out there bigger than Houston." He also prospered in banking and insurance.

Some years ago, Sharp, though a Methodist, became a benefactor of the Jesuit school and was named a "Founder" of the Society of Jesus. He was the only American Protestant ever to receive that honor. Beginning in 1967, he conducted a complex series of financial transactions with the school, transferring large sums of money and blocks of stock between the institution, his business enterprises and himself personally.

According to the SEC complaint filed in federal court, the scheme became operative in July 1969. Houston's Sharpstown State Bank, like many others, was pinched for funds because of the ailing economy. Legislation desired by Sharp was introduced at a special session of the state legislature that could have given state-chartered banks and perhaps insurance companies tremendous advantages. The measures, actively supported by Governor Smith, would have allowed a state-chartered



SMITH & BAUM
Payouts from Sharpstown.

organization to assume the functions of the FDIC in Texas. The ceiling on insured deposits, then \$15,000 under FDIC, would have been raised to \$100,000. The change, presumably, would have attracted new funds to banks, and would have removed close federal scrutiny of banking operations.

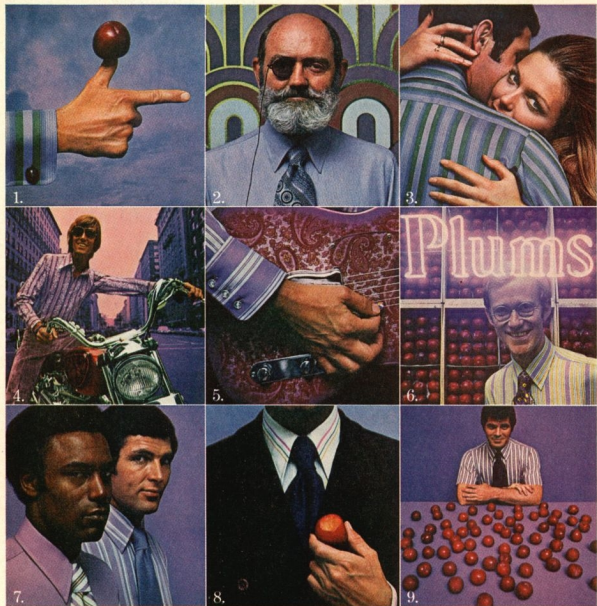
Too Trusting. Within a few days after the bills were introduced, large purchases of shares in National Bankers Life Insurance Co. stock were made by Governor Smith; Gus Mutscher, speaker of the state house of representatives; Elmer Baum, head of the Democratic state executive committee; State Representative Tommy Shannon, who introduced the legislation; and W.S. Heatly, chairman of the state house appropriations committee. They and other influential Democrats bought the stock at between 114 and 134 a share. Much of the buying was done with loans from the Sharp-controlled bank, with the stock itself as collateral.

The legislation was approved on Sept. 8 and 9. Just two days after that, most of the politicians who had bought heavily began selling their shares in National Bankers Life. The stock was then trading over the counter at between 15 and 16. Yet the Strake school, which had previously been involved in business dealings with the insurance company and the bank, bought large blocks of the politicians' stock at between 20 and 26. Why? The SEC documents offer no clue. The Rev. Michael Kennelly, then Strake's president, said that he had not understood the manipulations, but was in the habit of following Sharp's advice. The Rev. Michael Alchediak, Kennelly's successor, said: "We, by our background and whole formation, have tended to be trusting."

Among the beneficiaries of that trust were Governor Smith and Baum, who, buying shares and selling them at the inflated price, netted \$125,000 between them. Speaker Mutscher said that he eventually lost money because he bought



SHARP & WIFE AT JESUIT OFFICES IN ROME (1965)
Learning the ways of the big city.



Fresh Plums. Now's the time to pick them.

1. Shades of Jack Horner. It's thumbs up for plum. 2. One reason: Arrow's elegant Grand Baroque twill. The best plums in life aren't free. 3. But money isn't everything, when plum variety is the spice of life. Just add the flavor of Arrow stripes. 4. Or, make like the prints of plum with a bright pattern from Arrow's Kent collection. 5. The three-button plum. From Arrow's "Concepts" collection. 6. A special on

plums. Here, stylishly mixed with stripes of blue, gold and green. 7. Whenever you're in doubt, it's striped plums with solids, solid plums with stripes. 8. Just a shade of plum. A subtle stripe in a blend of Dacron polyester and cotton. 9. Pick a peck of plums. Like this bold multi-stripe from Arrow's Belmont Club collection. Sanforized-Plus-2. If he has a birthday soon—go plum crazy.

→Arrow←
A Division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Plum Crazy by Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.

The quote is by Abraham Lincoln. The interpretation is by Corita Kent of Immaculate Heart College.

In simpler times, it was enough that broadcasting entertain us. And in the process of entertaining, casually reinforce the comfortable assumptions that guided our lives.

But times have changed. Radically.

The vast electronic web that knits us together has, paradoxically, made us aware of our deep differences. And rather than preserve lulling illusions of unity, it is the modern broadcaster's responsibility to present candidly the widest diversity of thinking.

It is not simply new, unfamiliar concepts which must be tested in the crucible of free discussion. Our old ideals of thought and behavior must submit to the same scrutiny.

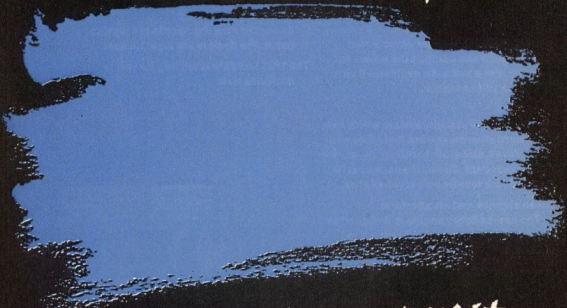
Are they relevant to these stormy times? Can they be profitably modified and retained? Or do we, all too often, cling to them at our peril?

Only free discussion can foster what all men of goodwill seek: understanding, justice, and reconciliation.




BOSTON WBZ - WBZ-TV
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the dogmas of the quiet past
are inadequate to the stormy present
Abraham Lincoln



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Helps stop fishtailing before it starts. An on-board computer detects rear wheel spin and controls the power fed to the rear wheels. An exclusive Buick feature you can order.

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A directional stability system with a new forward steering feature that gives you improved, smoother handling, especially on windswept, bumpy roads. An exclusive Buick feature on every LeSabre.

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1971 Buick LeSabre. Something to believe in.



back in, but on his original purchase he is said to have made between \$50,000 and \$100,000. Shannon cleared \$30,000, and Healy \$34,000. The SEC documents did not list a specific profit for Sharp. But he benefited by having the use of some of the Jesuits' funds during the frequent dealings between them. Also, his enterprises would have been in line for a windfall had the banking legislation gone on the books.

No Oath. Late in September, however—for no clear reason—Smith vetoed the bills he himself had supported. He explained later that the legislation "didn't do what those interested in the banking business thought to be best." After his veto, the stock of National Bankers Life started going down; the latest selling price was 21. The SEC investigation, begun as a routine check into a Dallas firm's records, was soon going full pace. When officials questioned Governor Smith in December, he declined to give evidence under oath. Smith maintains, however, that he has done nothing wrong. Joseph Novotny, former president of Sharp's bank, told investigators of getting a request from an intermediary to destroy the records of Smith's and Baum's transactions. Announcement of the SEC charges last month produced the run on Sharpstown State Bank that led to its closing down.

TRIALS

Life with Father

The trial of Charles Manson and his tribe was from the beginning like a species of absurdist theater. The defense, in effect, was no defense at all. The lawyers representing Manson and the three women charged with the Sharon Tate and LaBianca murders had no outside witnesses to help their case. The attorneys were afraid to put the women on the stand, believing that they would take full responsibility for the killings in order to absolve Manson.

Thus the defense rested without bringing any of the accused to the stand within the jurors' hearing; all four were found guilty of first-degree murder. Curiously, it was only last week, when the court reconvened for a jury trial to determine punishment,* that the defense began probing into the backgrounds of Manson's cultists, trying to suggest to the jury the psychological force that bound them to him.

At stake now is the question of life sentences v. the death penalty. The defense tried to sow some doubts in the minds of an essentially middle-class jury that could only find the Manson tribe and its life-style as incomprehensible as its crimes. Women like Patricia Krenwinkel, Leslie Van Houten and Susan Atkins, the defense meant



KRENWINKEL, ATKINS & VAN HOUTEN AFTER CONVICTION
A sousaphone, a pink tutu, Camp Fire Girls.

to show, could have been the jurors' own daughters.

Joseph Krenwinkel, 59, a stocky life insurance agent from Inglewood, described his daughter as a gentle child who loved animals, was once a Camp Fire Girl, sang in church choirs and attended summer Bible school. Then one day in 1967, said Krenwinkel, Pat abandoned her car in a parking lot, left two paychecks uncollected at the insurance office where she worked and, at age 19, disappeared with a man named Charlie Manson. A week later, from Seattle, she sent her father a letter: "For the very first time in my life, I have found inner contentment and inner peace. I love you very much. Take good care of yourself."

Jane Van Houten told much the same story about her daughter Leslie, a Camp Fire Girl, who took up the sousaphone in the sixth grade, was a homecoming princess at Monrovia High School. She even showed a picture of Leslie in her Halloween ballerina costume. "It was an outfit with a pink tutu," said Mrs. Van Houten, "and she got sick and couldn't go out on Halloween, so she wore it all the time she was in bed." In the summer of 1968, when she was 19, Leslie phoned her mother "to say that she was going to drop out and that I would not be hearing from her."

Riding the Wind. Next, the defense began calling upon other members of the Manson "family" to describe their lives with him. The object was to portray Manson as a benign figure. Lynette Alice Fromme, 22, a small, freckled girl nicknamed "Squeaky," said that she first met Manson when her father, an aeronautical engineer, kicked her out of the house in Redondo Beach. In Venice, Calif., Squeaky said, "I was sitting down crying and a man walked up and said, 'Your father kicked you out of the house, did he?' And that was Charlie." She joined his nomadic tribe, "We

were riding on the wind," she said. "Charlie is a man, and we were all looking for a man who would be at our feet in his love but would not let us step on him. Charlie was a father who knew that it is good to make love, and makes love with love, but not with evil and guilt."

Squeaky described the tribe's radically unordered life: "You could say it's a nonsense world of Alice in Wonderland, but it makes a lot of sense. Everybody makes their own rules. . . . Each moment is different." One day, she said, a family member named Mary Brunner "had her baby in this old condemned house and we delivered it. We called him Sunstone Hawk, because at the time she had him, the sun was just rising, and a hawk flew over the house."

Another follower, Nancy Pitman, 19, described Manson's almost Franciscan mysticism. "Animals would come around him a lot," she testified. Once she saw him pet a rattlesnake and bring a dead bird back to life. Sandy Good, 27, who was raised in a wealthy San Diego family, said: "The energy in that man you have not seen. I believe his voice could shatter this building."

The dilemma of the defense lawyers is that the women convicted of murder with Manson will be equally devoted should they take the stand, possibly starting this week. There is speculation that eventually both Paul Fitzgerald and Maxwell Keith, lawyers for Krenwinkel and Van Houten, will turn on Manson in their summary arguments and claim that the women were victims of Manson's will. Even though the women have already been convicted, the lawyers may, through an argument of "diminished capacity," try to save them from death sentences. On the other hand, if the women do try to absolve Manson by claiming all of the guilt for themselves, that in itself might be an illustration of Manson's weird hold over them.

* In capital cases, California and four other states require two trials—one to determine guilt or innocence and a second to set punishment. Thus twelve citizens, rather than a single judge, assume the responsibility for assigning a death penalty.

THE WORLD



U.S. VEHICLES IN LANG VEI NEAR THE LAOTIAN BORDER DURING OPERATION DEWEY CANYON II

JACK HARNETT

Indochina: A Cavalryman's Way Out

SUDDENLY, the Vietnamese ground war came back to life.

For three years, the northwest corner of South Viet Nam had been a misty, mountainous no man's land. Khe Sanh, where 6,000 Marines had endured a bloody 77-day siege in 1968, was a moonscape of shell craters flecked by twisted steel runway sheets and discarded shell casings. A few miles to the south, the Rockpile was overrun by weeds. On a bluff overlooking the Laotian border, the hulks of battered Soviet tanks still lay rusting at the Lang Vei Special Forces camp, where ten Americans and 225 South Vietnamese died in a single night of hand-to-hand combat.

Last week the forbidding ruins, relics of an earlier and rougher stage in the war, were abruptly jolted from their silence. From jumping-off points 50 miles away, long columns of tanks, trucks and armored personnel carriers ground into the rugged western reaches of Quang Tri province, raising towering columns of dust. Overhead, gunships darted around in search of enemy troops. Giant Chinook helicopters flapped into long-abandoned bases, depositing men and massive earth-moving machines. At Lang Vei, a halftrack pulled up loaded with expectant-looking G.I.s. One soldier had a single word painted on his helmet: "Laos?"

Good question. All week, rumors of an invasion coursed through the world's major capitals, and frenzied speculation focused on what the U.S. was up to. By keeping everyone guessing—including the Communists—the Administration infuriated more than a few Congressmen, diplomats and newsmen. But it also pulled off a kind of psychological-warfare coup.

Ten months ago, Richard Nixon took the world by surprise when, pointer in hand, he went on nationwide TV to disclose, in too apocalyptic terms, the ex-

pansion of the war into Cambodia. Last week he said nothing at all about the vast operation under way in Military Region I, South Viet Nam's northernmost war area. When a six-day "embargo" on news from the area was lifted, more than 50,000 U.S. and South Vietnamese troops were involved in strikes that not only spanned the length of South Viet Nam but vitally affected its neighbors as well. Was the main object to sever the famed Ho Chi Minh Trail? Was it a feint to throw the Communists off balance? Was an invasion scheduled and then delayed because Nixon developed a case of cold feet—as some sources suggested but the Administration denied? Whatever the case, the operation suggested that in the process of retreating from South Viet Nam, the U.S. was churning up all of Indochina even more thoroughly than it did when the big American buildup began half a decade ago.

Pulling Up Short

By week's end, three separate operations had unfolded. In the coastal provinces on the Gulf of Siam, ARVN (for Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) troops prepared to slice into new infiltration routes that the Communists had been trying to extend from the Cambodian seaport of Kep into the southern part of South Viet Nam. Northwest of Saigon in Tay Ninh province, 18,000 ARVN armored cavalrymen surged over the border into the Parrot's Beak and the Fishhook. Both sanctuaries were cleared out last spring, but now Communist troops were beginning to drift back.

The main thrust—and the one shrouded in mystery—developed in rugged, sparsely populated and Communist-infested Military Region I (formerly known as I Corps). There the U.S. command massed a total of 20,000 ARVN and 9,000 U.S. troops, plus at least

600 choppers. The juggernaut advanced westward on, above and around Route 9, an all-weather dirt road running 40 miles across South Viet Nam into Laos. At Khe Sanh, road graders rolled across the red clay plateau as troops patched one shell-torn runway and built a second to handle up to 40 big C-130 transports a day. Long-disused combat bases with names like Vandergrift, Bastogne and Veghel, snaking south toward the A Shau Valley, were also reopened. Significantly, many of the U.S. troops involved in the operation were told that they could expect to remain for one to three months.

Farther west, Lang Vei was set up as an advance command post for the massive operation, code-named Dewey Canyon II.* Barely 200 yards from the border, a sign was erected: WARNING: NO U.S. PERSONNEL BEYOND THIS POINT. The caveat reflected congress-

* Its predecessor, a 1969 search-and-destroy operation conducted in the same area, was to have been named Dewey Canyon for the heavy fog that enshrouds the craggy terrain, but somebody slipped up on the spelling.

SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS



sional prohibition of the use of American ground troops outside South Viet Nam. One shirtless G.I., bathing in a tributary of the Pone River, which forms the border with Laos, said with a smile: "Don't worry, this is Vietnamese water." ARVN troops, too, pulled up short of the border.

Vaguely Orwellian

There was every indication that for the South Vietnamese, it was only a pause. At least one and perhaps two cross-border thrusts aimed at immobilizing the Ho Chi Minh Trail seemed imminent. One obvious target lay right down Route 9—Tchepone, a Communist staging area and a key control point for the Ho Chi Minh Trail 25 miles inside the Laotian panhandle. A second possibility was that ARVN troops would be helicoptered to the mountainous Bolovens Plateau, which forms the western flank of the trail. Their likely objective: Attopou and Saravane, two Laotian river towns captured last spring by North Vietnamese troops, apparently in an effort to secure the trail's flanks and provide a starting point for a riverine route into Cambodia.

Last week's action, White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler advised, was only "the first phase of the operation." Until mid-April, when Nixon is due to announce a new U.S. troop withdrawal, a series of jabs at enemy stockpiles and supply lines can be expected. The object, the Administration insists, is to cover the U.S. retreat that has been under way since June 1969, when Nixon announced the beginning of a phased withdrawal of the 543,000 troops in Viet Nam. Since the manpower escalator stopped, the U.S. troop level has been reduced by more than 40%; by May 1, fewer than 284,000 troops will remain. Among them, only 40,000 will be regularly assigned to combat duty.

In the process of covering the retreat, however, the Administration has raised the question: Has the U.S. got into the position of invading Cambodia to ease the pressure on South Viet Nam and then sponsoring an invasion of Laos to ease the pressure on Cam-

bodia? Many Americans who believe that Nixon is serious about getting out of Viet Nam nonetheless are unsettled by the way in which the war has slopped over into previously neutral areas, and especially by the vaguely Orwellian-sounding argument that the U.S. must get deeper into the war in order to get out faster and safely.

Actually, up to a point, the Pentagon makes a logical case for this strategy: to keep the enemy off balance and off American backs as the exodus goes on. U.S. muscle in Viet Nam is shrinking by the month, and that is the operative fact. Thus, in a sense, the President is like the fellow backing out of the saloon with both guns blazing.

Nixon's surrogate in this enterprise—and the man who must actually wield the guns on the way out of the bar—is General Creighton W. ("Abe") Abrams, 56, the U.S. commander in Viet Nam. A veteran tank commander with a jut-jawed, no-nonsense air, Abrams is pursuing a strategy of withdrawal that would be familiar to any student of cavalry operations: give way gradually but strike continually at the enemy, harass his

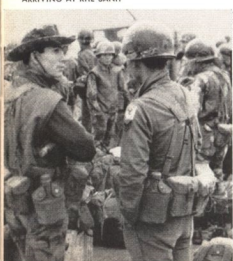
troops, destroy his supplies and keep him off balance. Moreover, Abrams is trying to replace U.S. ground forces with U.S. planes and South Vietnamese soldiers. He means to use these like a cavalry troop, anywhere that the Communist forces are vulnerable.

Since the Cambodian port of Kompong Som (formerly Sihanoukville) was closed to them last spring, the Communists have had to rely solely on the Ho Chi Minh Trail to move men and supplies down to South Viet Nam and Cambodia. With the advent of the dry season, they have made fuller use of the trail than ever before (see box, page 28). American commanders have longed to cut the trail ever since the U.S. entered the war. Contingency plans providing for everything from hit-and-run attacks to a permanent troop barrier across the route were drawn up in 1965, but there were formidable arguments against such moves. Aside from the political consequences, there was the fact that at least two divisions might be needed to secure the trail for any length of time.

Mulling over the future prospects of



ARRIVING AT KHE SANH



Vietnamization, Nixon ordered a study last November of what kind of trouble the long quiescent Communists could be expected to stir up—and when. The answer: Viet Nam's hour of maximum danger would come late this year, with the onset of the 1971-72 dry season. According to White House thinking, the Communists would devote most of their energies in the current dry season to replenishing their men and supplies. Then, next year, Hanoi's General Vo Nguyen Giap would be able to rev up the war from Mao's Phase II (small-unit guerrilla war) to Phase III (large-unit warfare). One objective would be to hit the Saigon regime at a time when the U.S. was able to throw few troops to its support. The other objective, in this hypothesis, would be to inflict a mortal political wound on Nixon by means of *Tet*-style attacks, thus paving the way for the election of a new President inclined to a hastier exit from South Viet Nam.

Ranger Probes

To crimp the Communist prospects for 1972, the allies would have to stem the flow of men and supplies—especially supplies—in 1971. Shortly after the turn of the year, Nixon decided to take action. Just before Defense Secretary Melvin Laird left on his three-day trip to Saigon in early January, Nixon laid down his general objectives.

In Saigon, Laird discussed Nixon's worries with Abrams. The first signs that something big was afoot came in mid-January, soon after Laird departed. General Cao Van Vien, chairman of

the South Vietnamese Joint Chiefs of Staff, told his subordinates that there would be no more talking to the press—particularly about operations in Military Region I. Soon after, Abrams met Vien and Major General Tran Van Minh, the South Vietnamese air force chief, to discuss strategy. The three met twice more in the next two days.

After his last session with Vien & Co., Abrams and white-haired U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker swept into President Thieu's Saigon Palace—brushing past a phalanx of startled Vietnamese officials who had been waiting to offer the President *Tet* holiday greetings. Not until four days later, when they were summoned to an urgent briefing at MACV headquarters in Saigon, did reporters have any idea that something was afoot.

Intelligence officers ticked off indications of a major Communist buildup, including a flood of supplies in the Laotian pipeline. According to the briefers, 90% of the matériel earmarked for South Viet Nam was being shunted into I Corps. The buildup obviously pre-figured trouble in the coastal cities of Huế and Danang. But MACV asserted that it also posed a "serious threat" to U.S. troop withdrawals and that a "pre-emptive offensive" was planned with "limited objectives." Few reporters in Saigon doubted that the jargon was a verbal screen for a direct ARVN assault on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

For weeks as many as 1,000 South Vietnamese rangers had been probing deep into the panhandle to size up the task of taking on the trail. Moreover, for



some time, 3,500 mercenaries known as Jungle Tigers and trained in Laos by the CIA have been venturing occasionally into the trail area and Communist supply depots in northern Cambodia.

The U.S. command not only slapped an embargo on news of Dewey Canyon, it also imposed an embargo on reporting the fact that an embargo had been imposed. In Washington only a handful of top policymakers knew what was up anyway. This time, there was none of the hour-by-hour agonizing at Camp David that contributed to the tense atmosphere in Washington during the Cambodian foray. Nixon, in fact, left for a long weekend at Caneel Bay in the Virgin Islands.

Abroad, particularly in Communist capitals, speculation was premised as fact. In Moscow, Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin charged flatly that Amer-

The General v. "The System"

ABRAMS has often summarized his tactical aims in the war as "targeting the enemy's system." He means that U.S. forces should not only seek out and fight Communist troops, but also destroy the elaborate apparatus that supports them—rest camps, ammunition caches, underground communication centers and especially supply lines. Abrams believes that killing one man with maps and plans is worth killing ten with rifles—because without the maps and plans the ten will not know what to do. In massing troops near the Ho Chi Minh Trail last week, the U.S. commander was obeying his long-felt instinct to strike at the very heart of "the system."

In the nearly three years since he was named top officer in Viet Nam, succeeding General William C. Westmoreland (now the Army's Chief of Staff), Abrams has presided over and shaped fundamental changes in the day-to-day tactics used to fight the Communists. Where Westmoreland was a search-and-destroy and count-the-bodies man, Abrams proved to be an interdict-and-

weigh-the-rice man. Where Westmoreland insisted on outnumbering the enemy three or four to one with massive, multibrigade maneuvers, Abrams matched battalion against battalion and brigade against brigade. If a unit made contact with the enemy, he hustled in reinforcements aboard helicopters—a technique that came to be known as "eagle

flight" tactics. He laced the countryside with small, defensible fire bases. Heavy fighting areas were provided with overlapping artillery support, enabling units in trouble to radio for firepower instantly.

Abrams ordered commanders to study enemy habits meticulously, then imitate them. As a result, small units began cutting paths through the jungle in the hope of finding a hidden base, hospital or supply trail. Says a commander who

ABRAMS ON HELICOPTER VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD





NORTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS ON MANEUVERS
Getting ready for the hour of maximum danger.

ican and South Vietnamese troops were involved in "an outrageous invasion" of Laos. In the U.S., the response was remarkably temperate. About the angriest reaction came from Democratic Presidential Hopeful George McGovern, who blasted the Administration for imposing "the longest news blackout of the war."⁸ Added he: "What a way to run a war! What a way to manage a free society!" The U.S. command in Saigon defended the embargo as essential to keeping the enemy guessing about allied intentions.

The mildest reaction of all came from the man whose country's sovereignty

was violated by the supposed invasion. In Vientiane, Laotian Premier Souvanna Phouma was surprised by the invasion stories—he had to call U.S. Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley to check them out. The Premier said he was opposed to any foreign intervention but added blandly: "We have no control over the Ho Chi Minh Trail area. That is an affair between the North Vietnamese and the Americans."

By the time Nixon returned from the Caribbean, the Dewey Canyon troops were poised at the Laotian border. In the Oval Office, the President met for more than an hour with his top National Security Council advisers—Laird, Secretary of State William Rogers, CIA Director Richard Helms, Foreign Policy Adviser Henry Kissinger and Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint

Chiefs. Ellsworth Bunker, in Washington for consultations, also sat in.

Without a thrust into Laos and a strike at the trail, Dewey Canyon II did not seem to make much sense. The expenditure of resources was enormous; by week's end helicopter pilots had logged 493 gunship attacks, 216 air cavalry missions, and 4,025 separate lifts of troops and supplies. But the initial results did not seem to justify the outlay. In the first five days, the operation's 29,000 troops destroyed two trucks, exploded one ammunition storage area and found one 57-mm. recoilless rifle, the mount for a mortar and a few dozen 105-mm. artillery shells.

Buying Time

Even so, U.S. commanders insisted that the very spookiness of the operation had achieved solid results simply by alarming the Communists. There were reports that enemy troops had concentrated at key positions along the trail to prepare defenses—and made tempting targets for extremely effective air attacks. Merely by moving up to the border, the Dewey Canyon II forces may have knocked the Communists off balance.

Just as all actions were rated in terms of body counts back in the war's Pleistocene era, they are now gauged in terms of buying time. Originally, it was figured that the Cambodian foray would "buy" no more than eight months of freedom from significant enemy activity. Now White House aides are saying that in Military Region III (the Saigon area) and IV (the Delta), where war has all but faded away, the buy may amount to 18 months. The massive operation that reopened Cambodia's vital Route 4 last month is judged to have bought a month to six weeks of time for Phnom-Penh. If ARVN troops were to stage periodic raids on the Ho Chi Minh Trail until the monsoon rains return in May, the flow of supplies and Communist operations in both South Viet Nam and Cambodia would be crippled for months. In round figures, says Abrams, the trail is worth a year, and some strategists insist it may be worth twice as much.

To many critics, Abrams' math does

⁸ Wrong on one count. Many news blackouts have lasted much longer, among them the 18-day embargo imposed during the massive A Shau Valley sweep of 1968.

supports Abrams' ideas fully: "Just focusing on knocking out men is illusory—they will just send more men down. But if you can get the system screwed up, the enemy can be champing at the bit to fight but unable to do anything." That combination has proved effective. Along with ARVN's growing capabilities and the spread of the war into Cambodia, Abrams' quick-strike tactics are responsible for making South Viet Nam much more secure from Communist attack than in 1968.

Abrams works in the huge headquarters building of MACV (Military Assistance Command, Viet Nam), next to Saigon's airport. He is at work at 7:30 a.m. seven days a week. In his map-lined office he dips regularly into one of the cigar humidors that surround him. He confers three or four times a week with U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, three times with General Cao Van Vien, the South Vietnamese chief of staff, and even more often with his intelligence officer. Whenever he can, he choppers to the field and once a month flies to Bangkok to visit his wife.

After leaving the office, Abrams often plays a game of badminton with an aide and then retires to his modular housing unit 100 yards from the head-

quarters compound. He seldom attends parties, and one of his aides claims he has never seen the rumpled general in his dress greens. After dinner, he sometimes reads, usually history; his last books were two volumes of James T. Flexner's biography of George Washington and Catherine Drinker Bowen's history of the 1787 Constitutional Convention, *Miracle at Philadelphia*. More often, he switches on his stereo, frequently so loud that visitors have to ask their host to turn down the volume in order to hear him.

His taste in music runs from Wagner to Welk, but he is especially fond of the classics, which may help explain why the Armed Forces Radio Network doubled its classical programming soon after his promotion. Abrams often uses musical terms and once managed to outline his whole battle plan for Viet Nam with a musical analogy. "A great conductor will rehearse his orchestra until all the members are skilled enough to do a perfect job. That's the way a military operation should be regarded. An air strike or a round of artillery must come at an exact moment, just as in a symphony one stroke of a drum must come at an exact millisecond of time."

not add up. Getting involved in wars in Cambodia and Laos as well as South Viet Nam could make U.S. withdrawal more difficult, not easier. "By edging Cambodia closer to war than it had been," says TIME Saigon Bureau Chief Jon Larsen, "we inevitably moved it from a secondary concern to one almost as intertwined with our interests in Indochina as South Viet Nam. The

same will be true of Laos." Another problem is that if ARVN is to be called upon regularly for cavalry duty in Cambodia, and possibly Laos as well, it might be spread perilously thin. U.S. air, artillery and logistic support will be needed to bolster ARVN's actions beyond its borders, even if no U.S. ground troops are sent in. Finally, Abrams' wider war almost certainly means that

Laos and Cambodia will be torn apart. Quite aside from the human cost, it is unlikely that any neutralist political force—or neutralist government—will have much chance of surviving in these countries under these conditions. Yet some critics believe that just such neutralist governments offer the only long-range hope for a political settlement.

At present, Indochina's three main

The Indispensable Lifeline

THE current allied offensive got started after military analysts warned that the Communists were engaged in the greatest overland supply effort of the Viet Nam War. Men and material were being transported, they said, over the route that had long since become a kind of guerrillas' Appian Way in Southeast Asia: the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The U.S. has been interdicting the trail since 1964, and last week completed its 122nd consecutive day of intensive bombing. The holocaust has frequently slowed down the Communists but seems incapable of stopping them.

The trail is like a 4,000-mile spider web, a tangled maze of routes ranging from yard-wide footpaths to short sections of gravel-paved highway two lanes wide. The system threads westward out of three North Vietnamese passes (the Mu Gia, Ban Karai and Ban Raving), which cut through the Annames mountains, then loops south and east for 200 miles, reaching a width of 50 miles at some points. Studded with lumpy hillocks, the trail network cuts through the precipitous terrain and dense, triple-canopied jungle growth.

Traffic down the trail always increases after the monsoon season ends in September or October. It reaches a peak from February to April, the last months when supplies can leave the north and still reach their destination before rains again make the roads impassable in May. This year the trail's cargo has become more vital than ever to the Communists. Since last March, they have been denied the use of the Cambodian port of Kompong Som, where some 75% of the war material for all of South Viet Nam used to be shipped by sea. Thus, except for what they can forage, the some 400,000 Communist troops in southern Laos, Cambodia and South Viet Nam are almost totally dependent on the trail for their supplies and reinforcements.

Troop infiltration, which has run as high as 17,000 a month in the current dry season, is hardest to detect. Recruits are marched single file along foot trails at intervals of five yards, each wearing camouflage greenery. The trip takes between three and five months with oc-

casional stops in primitive way stations for rest and resupply. The attrition rate due to disease, bombing and desertion runs as high as 15%; yet Hanoi keeps sending replacements.

Truck traffic is equally relentless. Each night a fleet of some 1,000 convoy trucks rolls out from hiding places in limestone caves and bunkers and moves south. Each driver covers the same 15- to 40-mile stretch of road again and again until he can negotiate it blindfolded. There is a reason for that: headlights must be dimmed or even doused for much of the trip because of marauding aircraft. At the end of his run,



COMMUNIST SOLDIER IN LAOTIAN WILDERNESS

a driver unloads his cargo at a transfer point and heads back for more. Each section, called a *binh tram* (logistical support) system, is under a separate command. "The man who runs a *binh tram* system is Mr. Greyhound," says a U.S. Air Force officer. "He says 'Send them down' or 'Hold them.' " Shipping time for any one load: about two months.

To cut off that antlike flow, the U.S. has committed more than half of its airpower in Indochina to missions over the trail—about 380 sorties on an average day during the dry season. The raids are conducted by fighter-bombers, C-119 and C-130 gunships and giant B-52 Stratofortresses. Often they must dodge fire from some 3,000 artillery emplacements scattered along the trail. In addition to pilot reconnaissance, the Air Force is relying increasingly on an arsenal of electronic gadgetry developed

to see and hear through darkness and vegetation. Two gadgets that have recently come to public attention in congressional testimony:

► Igloo White is an Air Force ground sensor system modeled on the Navy's acoustic submarine detectors. The sensors are dropped during overflights and either catch in tree branches or bury themselves in the ground. Two main types have been used: seismic, which detect ground movements caused by moving trucks and even marching soldiers, and acoustic, which use tiny microphones so sensitive that they can clearly transmit human voices (several conversations have been picked up among Communist troops discussing how to dismantle the sensor). Information from the sensors is relayed by planes to ground-based monitors stationed in South Viet Nam, who radio the coordinates to an aircraft for bombing.

► Pave Way is a targeting system using the laser beam. Once an object has been identified, an aircraft equipped with Pave Way can "fix" it with a brilliant laser light, then release bombs that are fitted with special light-seeking devices. The bombs are automatically guided to the laser-illuminated target.

The net effect of this massive effort, by the U.S. military's own estimate, is to keep about half of the Communists' supplies from reaching the South. As a result of the air campaign, U.S.

commanders believe, the Communists must tightly ration their ammunition, which helps keep the level of fighting down. Of course, the Communists have the advantage most of the time of being free to set their own schedule for attack. "We make him pay a price for every ton," says an Air Force spokesman about the enemy. "But he never runs out of roads. It just drives you nuts."

The only way to eliminate traffic completely on the trail, military authorities argue, is to cut it on the ground. That, of course, may well be the ultimate goal of Operation Dewey Canyon II. The very fact that a ground operation, with all the risks it involves, is deemed desirable by military experts is a tribute to the Communists' herculean effort to keep the trail open as well as an admission that even the most modern airpower has its limits.

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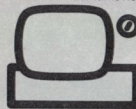
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combat areas are in mixed condition: **LAOS.** As the struggle over the Ho Chi Minh Trail heated up, so did the "forgotten war" in Laos, where some 65,000 Royal Lao troops and Meo tribesmen have fought a seesaw seasonal struggle for almost a quarter of a century. Traditionally, the non-Communist forces have gained ground during the monsoons, when the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese regulars in Laos are unable to move supplies. With the arrival of the current dry season, it was the Communists' turn to advance, as usual. The 80,000 Communist troops in Laos made the most of it. Moving quickly, they captured Muong Phalane, routed government troops from Muong Suoi on the edge of the Plain of Jars, began to encircle Luang Prabang, the royal capital, then marched on Long Cheng, site of a large CIA base and headquarters of General Vang Pao's weary army of Meo Special Forces. In the south the Bolovens Plateau was under particular pressure. Communist troops, in the words of a U.S. official in Vientiane, have been "oozing westward" in recent weeks, increasing their force level from nine battalions to 13 or 14. A South Vietnamese drive into Laos might well cause the Communists to step up their own westward push.

There were several reasons for the vigorous Communist advance. On one level, it was a punitive jab at Souvanna Phouma. The Premier is anxious to end the Laotian fighting, which has forced an incredible number of refugees into U.S.-run camps: 700,000, or 30% of the population. But hard-liners on the right threaten real trouble if Souvanna should open serious peace talks with the Pathet Lao or if he should suffer another major defeat. "If Long Cheng or the Bolovens Plateau falls," said one Laotian general, "Souvanna is finished." The Communist advance was also a signal to Abrams that if the U.S. menaced the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the Pathet Lao and the North Vietnamese would take over most of the rest of Laos.

Vientiane, the administrative capital, is showing signs of nervousness. Last week there was the rare sight of Royal Lao troops and a pair of vintage American armored cars passing through the city on the way to the airport. Said one diplomat: "After that attack on Phnom-Penh, you can never be sure."

CAMBODIA. Last spring's drive on the Communist sanctuaries was a short-term military success. But now Cambodia is beginning to look like a long-term liability, with 50,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops roaming over much of the country. Cambodian forces were taking another beating last week, this time in a battle with NVA regulars at Saang, 18 miles south of the capital.

North Vietnamese units have begun to return to the old Communist sanctuaries in Kompong Cham and Kratie provinces, hard by the South Vietnamese border. COSVN, the Communist command post that President Nixon held

up as the Grail of last spring's Cambodian operation, is now said to be located in Kratie. South Viet Nam's President Thieu is worried enough about the return of the Communists to his own country to have set a limit of 20,000 or so ARVN troops in Cambodia at any one time. But that raises the question of whether Premier Lon Nol, even with his army swollen to 160,000 men, would be able to survive without more substantial assistance from Saigon and the U.S. Indeed, one of the objectives of an effort to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail would be to relieve Communist pressure on the Phnom-Penh regime.

Cambodia's students, intellectuals, businessmen and bonzes still back the "government of salvation," and the army, though poorly armed and undertrained, shows great spirit. Whether that will be enough to hold off Communist regulars is doubtful. As Cam-

Viet Nam's army is "on a fighting par with U.S. troops."

Saigon's troops have replaced U.S. units along the border areas and around the capital itself. Except in Military Region I, there has been little in the way of enemy activity. Nevertheless, a new cockiness prevails, and according to Sir Robert Thompson, Nixon's favorite consultant on counterinsurgency, ARVN is doing very well indeed. "The fact that you're able to keep withdrawing troops at the current rate [about 13,000 G.I.s a month], that U.S. casualties are down to well under 50 a week, that even South Vietnamese casualties are down—this is the measure of it," says Thompson. "The balance of power has shifted as between the enemy's capability and the South Vietnamese capability."

Still, real Communist strength remains the big question. Over the past two years, say pacification experts, the

JACK HANRETT



G.I.s ERECTING TENT FRAMES AT GUNGS TRI ARMY BASE

Backing out with guns blazing.

bodian Poet Makhali Phal writes of her 7,000,000 countrymen, they are:

*A people who do not weigh heavy
In the hollow of the palm of the Mekong;
A people who do not have boats,
but pirogues;
A people who have, as fortresses,
Only temples in ruins;
A people who have, for an army,
Only their Thought and Faith.*

SOUTH VIET NAM. Since Tet 1968, South Viet Nam's armed forces have grown from 730,000 men to a well-equipped force of 1,100,000. All told, Saigon has more than 2,000,000 men under arms, or more than 11% of the population. Eventually, the South Vietnamese air force is to be expanded to 50 squadrons, which would rank it seventh in size in the world. How good is ARVN? Abrams likes to tell visiting firemen in Saigon that 70% of South

Viet Cong "infrastructure" has been whittled down from 128,000 active cadres to 62,000. Nevertheless, the Viet Cong are still able to collect taxes, recruit troops, and cut practically any road in the country, at least temporarily. Knowledgeable observers smile at onward-and-upward statistics rating the security of South Viet Nam's towns and hamlets. Solid assessments of enemy strength are made difficult because the Communists in North Viet Nam may be deliberately lying low. Directives have been intercepted ordering Viet Cong to do nothing to make American commanders think twice about the wisdom of pulling out.

In view of such directives, and ARVN's growing strength, need the U.S. really fear that Hanoi would pounce as soon as the American forces were small enough? And even if it did, would the U.S. really be able to protect its forces? Obviously, the Pentagon insists that

the risk would be too great. But couldn't the U.S. set a date for total withdrawal, say by Christmas 1971, and in return obtain from Hanoi a safe-conduct to the beaches? In Paris the Communists have hinted that they would arrange such a safe-conduct, but only if the U.S. sets a firm date for withdrawal of all troops, not just ground combat troops.

It can be argued that no safe-conduct from Hanoi could be trusted—even though it might be in Hanoi's interest to keep it. A more convincing objection to the idea is that complete U.S. withdrawal, including support forces, would seriously undermine if not destroy the Saigon regime. Thus it is likely that Abrams' "cavalry" actions are not necessary primarily to protect U.S. troops but to bolster the Saigon regime and assure its survival. If so, that could be an entirely legitimate goal of U.S. policy (though its cost might be subject to debate). But that is not the way the Administration presents the matter.

The Pentagon marshals massive statistics to prove that Hanoi is increasing

its flow of supplies, and must be plotting a major offensive that would endanger U.S. lives. As a result, many longtime critics have come around to the view that perhaps the Nixon strategy is the only safe approach. As Vermont's Republican Senator George Aiken said last week: "As long as the trend is downward in Viet Nam, as long as U.S. forces don't go into Cambodia or Laos, most of the people up here [in Congress] are saying: 'Let's give Nixon a chance.' I think the President is on safe ground now."

That remains to be seen. Next year's dry season may prove to be the most trying test of the Administration's strategy. The North Vietnamese have been quiet for long periods before, only to erupt in disruptive offensives such as *Tet*. U.S. analysts are convinced that General Giap is planning a replay of 1968 for 1972. They are equally convinced that General Abrams can head him off at the pass—somewhere in Laos, perhaps, or maybe Cambodia—or possibly even in South Viet Nam.

GREAT BRITAIN

Think Decimal!

Princess Margaret doubted that she would ever understand the system. Nervous housewives stocked up on groceries to save themselves the anguish of trying to figure out how much change they should be getting. D (for Decimal) Day is at hand. Next week the British will join the rest of the world by switching to a decimal currency system. Even though they have had five years to prepare for the event, many of them are saying that the D stands for Derangement.

Even the British have long recognized that their currency system, which dates from the 8th century,* was ridiculously

* First mention of the penny, the oldest English coin, occurred in the laws of the West Saxon King Ine, who ruled between 688 and 726. The first pennies were struck in silver about 770, and some time after that it was discovered that 240 coins could be minted from a pound of silver. The shilling came along in 1504, its name a derivation of the Old English word *scilling*, meaning cutting or slicing.

Europe: Old Feuds, Fresh Outbursts

A DISCREDITED ideology and an obdurate religious feud produced violence in two European countries last week.

In Italy, neo-Fascist youth gangs shattered windows at the University of Milan and painted on a wall in Varese: "Long live the Duce!" They were also accused of spearheading the renewed rioting in Reggio Calabria (*lower left*) over whether the town is to be chosen over Catanzaro as the capital of the region. In Catanzaro, they were blamed for a grenade attack on anti-Fascist demonstrators, which killed one and injured 13. The Catanzaro incident in turn set off demonstrations and rioting in Naples, Genoa and Rome, as well as a fistfight between Communist and neo-Fascist Deputies in the Italian Parliament. Despite the warnings of the Communists, the neo-Fascists have no chance of emulating Benito Mussolini's 1922 march on Rome. But they are capable of giving the country a case of the jitters. Premier Emilio Colombo declared last week that "in-

fantile extremism" was endangering Italian democracy.

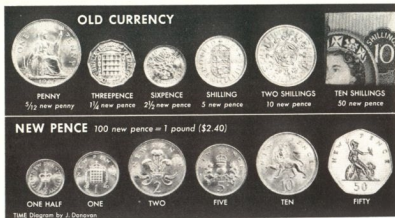
In Northern Ireland, where fighting between the Protestant majority and Catholic minority has raged sporadically since the bloody outbursts in the summer of 1969, the slightest incident can cause a renewal of hostilities. In Belfast last week, when British troops searched Catholic homes for arms caches, a group of Catholics attacked them with stones and bottles, and the battle was on. Using homemade bombs and grenades, mobs burned a bus (*lower right*) and blew up a water main. By the end of the week, at least four persons were dead, including one British soldier—the first to die since the tommies were sent to Ulster 18 months ago. To prevent the violence from spreading, the government banned a Protestant rally that was to have featured a speech by the Rev. Ian Paisley, Northern Ireland's leading demagogue, and the British prepared to bolster their 6,000-man Ulster garrison with 600 additional troops.

POLICE WITH TEAR GAS SHELLS IN REGGIO CALABRIA



BURNING BUS IN BELFAST





eccentric. Still, there seemed to be an almost atavistic aversion to what Randolph Churchill called "those damn dots."

In 1966, in a rare moment of enthusiasm for Europe and Britain's possible role in the Common Market, the Labor government decided to go decimal. Both the pound and the penny would be preserved. "It would be a matter of regret," said then Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, "if such expressions as 'Penny-wise, pound-foolish' and 'Look after the pennies and the pounds will look after themselves' were to lose their meaning." But instead of 240 pennies, the pound would consist of 100 new pennies.

Foolish Elders. To prepare Britons for the changeover, involving three new silver coins and three bronze ones (see chart), the Decimal Currency Board launched a \$3,000,000 educational campaign. Posters went on display in 950 cities and towns. Fifteen million copies of a decimal currency guide were sent to households throughout the country, including booklets in Welsh and Braille. Television spots urged: "Think decimal!" The BBC put a 13-year-old schoolboy named Sebastian on its breakfast program to explain to his foolish elders how simple decimalization is. Listeners loathed him.

Department stores, too, tried to soothe customers' fears. "Relax—D Day will be easy in Selfridges," proclaimed huge posters in every window. Harrods hired pretty girls in boaters and D Day sashes to counsel customers. Tea towels, mugs, pens and pencils, plastic shopping bags, watch straps and playing cards came out imprinted with conversion tables. To help matters considerably, an anonymous genius began spreading it around that if any sum expressed in shillings and old pennies were simply divided by two with the dividing stroke omitted, the result would be the new penny equivalent. Thus, 6/4d. became 32p. "I know it is not absolutely accurate," sighed a housewife, "but I feel I'm mastering the system at last."

The most difficult part of the change-

over will come when the banks close in the middle of this week. A fleet of airplanes, 145 armored trucks and ten trunk railway lines—Britain's biggest convoy since World War II—will bring 6,000,000 checks, statements and credit documents from 14,500 banks throughout the country to London. There they will be converted into the new currency and shipped back to their place of origin. When the banks reopen next Monday, some 25 million accounts will be decimalized and up to date. Government departments, the stock exchange and subway system, as well as most big stores, will go decimal immediately on D Day. Other businesses have 18 months to convert.

What will bother Britons at least as much as figuring out how much things cost is that when they finally do, they will discover that prices have been upped. Public lavatories, for example,



MODEL WITH CONVERSION AIDS
An atavistic aversion.

will cost 1p. (2.4¢) instead of 1d. (1¢) after Feb. 15. Coffee machines will cost 50% more, laundrettes 30% more. And while many shops were rounding prices up to the nearest new penny—and beyond—the Ministry of Defense admitted that war veterans' pensions have been "rounded down" to the nearest new penny. While businesses figured out how best to pay for their changeover expenses, the government estimated that the total cost of decimalization, including the training of staff, replacement and conversion of machinery, would be about \$300 million.

If confusion seems certain for a while, some Britons took comfort last week in the fact that they still have some peculiarities left. Even while saying goodbye to quids and bobs and thrup'ny bits and all that, they still have chains, rods, gills, pecks and chaldrons. M (for Metric) Day will not come before 1975.

MIDDLE EAST

Thirty Days More

When Egypt's President Anwar Sadat approached the podium of the National Assembly in Cairo last week, barely a day remained before the cease-fire between his country and Israel was due to expire. He ended the suspense quickly. As long as there was "genuine progress" toward peace, he said Egypt would "abstain from firing." On hearing the news from Cairo, an Arab waiter in an East Jerusalem hotel burst into the bar and happily told his patrons (mostly Israelis): "We've got at least thirty more days."

It took considerable diplomatic spadework to buy even that much time. Arabs worry that the longer Israel occupies the conquered territories, the firmer its hold over them will become. But rather than negotiate a peace themselves that would undoubtedly require concessions from both sides, the Arabs have been hoping that the U.N. and the Big Four powers would force the Israelis to give up the territories. Sadat, who is not yet strong enough to make the sort of concessions that his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser, might have gotten away with, talked tough up to the last minute. Repeatedly, he threatened to renew the war unless Israel produced a timetable for its withdrawal from the territories.

To help get Sadat off that wobbly limb, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers sent three notes to Cairo within the past two weeks, promising U.S. help in future negotiations if Egypt would extend the cease-fire. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, stretching the facts, told the Security Council that "some progress" had occurred in a series of talks conducted by U.N. Mediator Gunnar Jarring, giving Thant "grounds for cautious optimism." That also gave Sadat grounds to extend the cease-fire.

Sadat's message to the National

Assembly included one unexpected element. If Israel would pull back partially from the Suez Canal, he promised, Egypt would begin to repair the waterway to accommodate international traffic once more. The Russians would certainly like such a move: with the canal opened again, it would be easier to supply their growing naval force in the Indian Ocean. But Sadat was also making a studied attempt to demonstrate his new administration's sense of responsibility as a member of the world community. In some key respects, Sadat's Suez Canal offer is vague. He did not indicate, for instance, whether Egypt would allow Israeli vessels to use the waterway once it is cleared, dredged and reopened. But it is at least a new proposal. Even though a partial retreat from the canal would pose serious tactical problems for security-minded Israelis, they risk a new round of world censure if they spurn the idea out of hand.

Beware Major X. For their part, the Arabs have reached a point where they must understand that only they and not the Security Council or the Big Four can negotiate any meaningful peace with Israel. Sadat, of course, is in a difficult position at home. "If negotiations get nowhere," observed a Western diplomat in Cairo, "some unknown Major X may be tempted to try his hand at running things." Despite his problems, however, Sadat is not likely to help the negotiations by placing them under the threat of a resumption of shooting. Israeli Premier Golda Meir, who wants an unlimited cease-fire, complained before Sadat's speech that "we can't conduct peace negotiations with a stopwatch in hand." Neither can Egypt. An extension of the truce to March 7 allows too short a time in which to accomplish results.

PERSIAN GULF Starting from Scratch

The twin-engined Caribou swoops down from a brilliant blue sky and lands squealing on a pocket airstrip scooped out of volcanic rock or sun-baked sand. Hardly has it braked to a stop when a tall, bearded figure hops out, one hand holding his bright *imama*, or turban, against the airstream, the other fingering the silver *kunjar*, or dagger, at his waist. Brown-eyed, gentle Qabus bin Said, 30, absolute monarch of Oman, has arrived on another tour of his sultanate (see color pages). Through such visits the Sultan hopes to strengthen the loyalty of local sheiks and villagers who have never seen their ruler. Equally important, the trips are designed to help Qabus learn about the country he took over last July. At that time Qabus told his 750,000 subjects: "We are going to take you into the 20th century."

Under the despotic reign of his father, Sultan Said bin Taimur, Muscat and Oman—as the country was known before Qabus shortened the name—was not far removed from the 15th century. Fearful that social and economic development would corrupt traditional Islamic values, Said turned his land, perched on the southeastern hump of Arabia near the gates of the Persian Gulf, into a 112,000-sq.-mi. jail.

Muscat and Oman had only six miles of paved roadway, and the Sultan's red 1955 Chrysler Imperial rusted in the palace courtyard for lack of any place to go. Music and dancing were forbidden

* Muscat for centuries designated the port and coastal areas of the country; Oman was the highlands. From the town of Muscat the Sultans ruled both, although Omani tribes seeking greater self-rule occasionally rebelled against them.

and women were compelled to wear mid-calf skirts despite summer temperatures of 130° F. Electricity and running water were unknown to most people. The xenophobic Said permitted few foreigners in and fewer Omanis out, but an estimated 200,000 subjects managed to flee during the past ten years. Cannons sounded curfew after sundown. With only three schools in the entire sultanate, the population was more than 90% illiterate. Malnutrition, malaria, tuberculosis, trachoma and leprosy were endemic, but there was only one hospital, staffed by American missionaries. Terrified of assassination, the Sultan abandoned his capital of Muscat and barricaded himself farther down the coast in a crumbling palace in the town of Salala. There he stacked machine guns in every room and ventured outside only for furtive walks along a superb white beach. Village girls were brought to the palace and, recalls a visitor, "there was usually a little love in the afternoon with one or another favorite." One room was stocked with hundreds of bottles of Chanel No. 5 along with toys, Swiss watches and a collection of mail order catalogues.

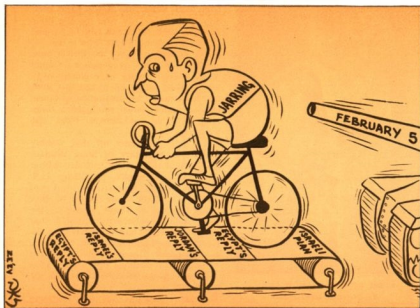
House Arrest. Perhaps the most pitiful prisoner in this royal prison was Qabus. Sent to England at 16, he attended Sandhurst and spent six months as a lieutenant with the British army on the Rhine. When Qabus returned home, he spent four years under virtual house arrest. He sometimes went a full year without seeing his father, yet had to obtain the Sultan's permission even to leave the palace.

Qabus might still be locked in the palace had not Omani rebels, trained in neighboring Southern Yemen by guerrilla warfare experts from Peking, begun fostering unrest. Eventually, operating out of bases in the Dhofar Mountains, the rebels mortared Salala.

"The people didn't know whether to stand by the government in hope or turn against it," Qabus told TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott. "If we had let things go as they were, they could have taken a disastrous turn." With the obvious connivance of the British, who have provided Oman with high-level advisers since 1898, the young prince plotted his father's overthrow. The coup was quick and occurred completely within the palace: a brief gun battle, a chase through the corridors and Said, 60, was off to exile in London.

Double Sessions. As the 14th Sultan in the Al Bu Said dynasty, Qabus is dedicated to a crash program in modernization, using \$98 million in annual oil revenues from fields at Fahud to finance it. Qabus has approved contracts for 242 more miles of paved road, begun deepening Muscat harbor and building docks to handle large ships. An 18-room hotel is going up to house visiting businessmen in Muscat. Radio stations have been opened in Muscat and Salala. A weekly newspaper will soon be published, but it will be printed in

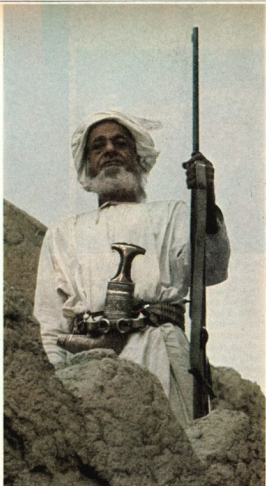
ISRAELI CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF JARRING'S ASSIGNMENT



Oman Approaches the 20th Century

The Sultanate of Oman was a hidden, forbidden, semifeudal land during the 38-year rule of Sultan Said Bin Taimur. The potentate rarely ventured out of his palace at Salala. Sultan Qabus Bin Said, who overthrew his father last summer and sent him into exile, is less reclusive. Using a twin-engine plane from the SOAF—for Sultan of Oman

Air Force—the British-educated ruler regularly travels throughout his desert land (below). His grizzled guards now pose for photographers instead of challenging them (right). Muscat harbor (bottom) is open to Western travelers; its dominant Portuguese-built fort, in which the old sultan kept political prisoners, no longer seems so forbidding.

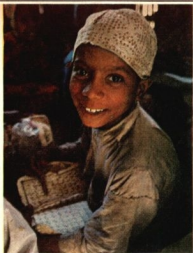


ARMY—GET IMAGES & BIL BOE PHOTOGRAPHY





Omani children of Pakistani ancestry

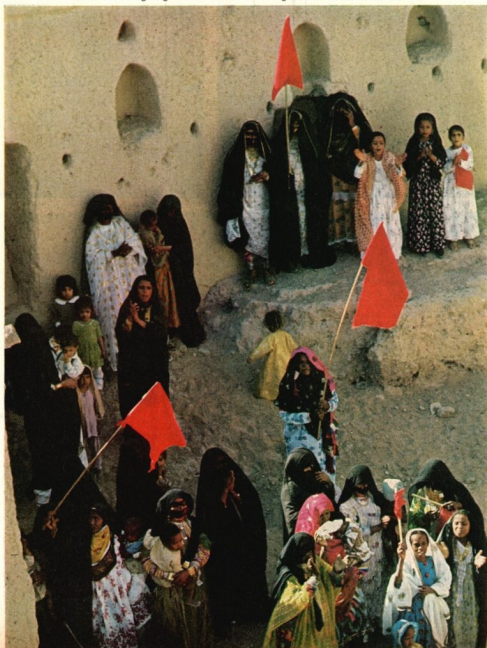


Pupil at Koranic school



Shawled woman and child

Omanis waiting to greet Sultan Qabus during his visit to the Baraimi Oasis



Beirut for the time being because there has never been a printing press in Oman.

The nation's three schools are now on double sessions and new ones have been opened in mosques and private homes. Some 20,000 pupils are enrolled v. 700 under the old Sultan and 21 dispensaries are being established. Qabus intends to apply for membership in both the Arab League and the U.N. He also hopes to blunt the rebel movement by means of his improvements and by offering amnesty to the estimated 700 guerrillas. He has called his uncle, Tariq ben Taimur, home from voluntary exile to become Prime Minister.

Qabus, who occasionally answers the telephone himself at the palace (Muscat 220), is a curious blend of modernity and tradition. A bachelor, he disappears of drinking and of modern dancing in public. He prefers robes and turbans to Western dress. Since becoming Sultan he has worn his uniform as commander of the 6,000-man Omani army only once—for a parade in December marking his 30th birthday.

Without destroying tradition, Qabus is determined to catch up to the 20th century. "We are starting from scratch, like a child growing up, and it is going to take a good deal of doing," he said. "Americans are using sophisticated equipment to explore the moon. We in Oman are building our first primary schools."

AFRICA

The French Tie That Binds

Sitting cross-legged in an Arab tent, the guest of honor munched on a hunk of roast lamb as a local entertainer offered animal imitations. "Monsieur le Président, I'm a cock," the man announced, crowing convincingly. "Monsieur le Président, now I'm a dog," he then barked. As the guest sipped Coca-Cola and Evian water, a group of Moorish women serenaded him in Arabic: "De Gaulle entrusted his testament to Georges Pompidou. Welcome." Thus did

the 200 guests at a *meshwi*, an Arab-style barbecue, greet France's President on his arrival in the Mauritanian capital of Nouakchott last week at the beginning of his ten-day tour of five Black African states.

Pompidou's visit to francophone Africa is the first by a French President since Charles de Gaulle's historic pre-independence tour in 1959. It will take him from the tent encampments of Nouakchott to the modern towers of Abidjan in the Ivory Coast, from the arid desert of Mauritania to the deep green rain forests of Cameroun, from the sight of heavily clad Berber women in the Sahara to bare-breasted girls in Yaounde. Scrupulously impartial, he and his entourage of 160—including Wife Claude, cool in summer outfits by Chanel, Cardin and Lanvin despite the oppressive heat—were scheduled to remain about 48 hours in each capital.

Continuing Dependence. The very fact that Pompidou could make such a trip in relative cordiality and splendor was an indication of the enduring bond between France and its former colonies. Last month the British Commonwealth was plunged into a crisis because several former British African colonies bitterly opposed the Heath government's plan to resume arms sales to white-ruled South Africa. Yet the 14 countries of what was once French Africa scarcely seem perturbed by the fact that French sales of Mirage jets, submarines, helicopters, AMX-13 light tanks and other arms to South Africa will reach the \$2 billion mark within the next four years. As if to underscore the irony, Mauritania's President Muktar Ould Daddah, in an after-dinner tribute last week to President Pompidou, roundly condemned the British government's policy and blithely glossed over the fact that France is Pretoria's principal arms supplier.

The explanation for the double standard lies in the degree of French-speaking Africa's cultural identification with

—and economic dependence on—the mother country. France still pours some \$250 million in annual aid into its former African colonies (although 85% of this amount flows back to France in the form of wages to French employees and profits for French companies). Some 200,000 Frenchmen still live in the former colonies; not only do they dominate power companies, railways, airways and broadcasting, they also strongly influence most branches of governments—including armies and police forces. The French army, moreover, is never far away. "As soon as a cloud hangs over a presidential palace," says a Senegalese journalist, "the French troops are immediately confined to their barracks awaiting orders to intervene."

Future History. Though the ties still bind, anti-French sentiment is rising. Students and workers particularly feel that their leaders have sold out to Paris, and they would like to have their countries run without French constraint. For such tiny or unviable countries as Togo, Chad and Dahomey, this is an impossible dream. But for Senegal, the Ivory Coast, Cameroun and Mauritania, such a transition is inevitable. In the view of most African observers, French-speaking Africa faces a second revolution, if only because the first one didn't change anything.

Sensing the changing mood, Pompidou has sought to encourage greater private investment in Africa, and called for increased "Africanization" of local management. Whether he is doing all this in order to strengthen the Africans' ability to manage their own affairs or in order to improve France's image and thereby ensure its continued dominance is not yet clear. In an address to the Senegalese National Assembly at week's end, he emphasized the importance to developing nations of self-help. "Whatever its form and size," said Pompidou, "external aid could never, by itself, ensure the success of a policy of development."

POMPIDOU & DADDAH AT BARBECUE IN NOUAKCHOTT, MAURITANIA

HENRI BURAU—GAMMA



PUTTING THE PROPHETS

SOME societies are dominated by the past; America seems obsessed by the future. No sooner is a President elected than commentators begin to estimate his chances next time around. Hours after the discovery of a trend, someone is predicting how and when it will end and what will take its place. Why so much compulsive eagerness to read history before it happens? Perhaps it is an escape from an unsatisfactory present. Perhaps, also, Americans—and 20th century men generally—are deluded by the Faustian illusion that by predicting the future, they can control it. If all this seems occasionally oppressive, if the arrogance of the prophets begins to irritate the layman, there is one consolation: the forecasters are usually wrong, since predicting is a loser's game.

It is unlikely that any major enterprise was ever undertaken without an expert arguing conclusively that it would not succeed. At the behest of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, a panel of Spanish sages looked at Columbus' plan for a voyage to the Indies, and in 1490 came up with six good reasons why it was impossible. So many centuries after the creation, they concluded triumphantly, it was unlikely that anyone could find hitherto unknown lands of any value. This negative reaction was similar to the learned argument that greeted Galileo when he reported that Jupiter had moons. "Jupiter's moons are invisible to the naked eye," said a group of Aristotelian professors, "and therefore can have no influence on the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist."

The "therefores" continued into the 19th century, when several experts asserted that a new invention known as the railroad would kill all of its passengers. Anyone traveling at 30 m.p.h., they reasoned, could not breathe and would die of suffocation. This was only a foretaste of the dire warnings that awaited the inventors of the airplane. "The demonstration that no possible combination of known substances, known forms of machinery and known forms of force can be united in a practical [flying] machine seems to the writer as complete as it is possible for the demonstration of any physical fact to be," one scientist wrote about the turn of the century. One week before the Wright brothers took off at Kitty Hawk, the *New York Times* editorially advised Samuel Langley, one of the Wright brothers' chief competitors, to turn his talents to "more useful employment."

All Time to Come

The rocket was launched with similar expert predictions of failure. In 1940 the editor of the *Scientific American* wrote Willy Ley, prophet of space travel, that the notion of a rocket bomb was "too farfetched to be considered." In December 1945, even though Germany's V-1s and V-2s had already terrorized London, Dr. Vannevar Bush, head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, said that intercontinental missiles would not be possible for a "very long period of time." The American public, he impatiently contended, should not even think about them. Only last December, Dr. Bentley Glass, a geneticist and the retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, added his name to the list of doubters. The basic laws of science are all now known, he said. "For all time to come these [laws] have been discovered, here and now, in our own lifetime."

Such naysaying led Arthur Clarke, the science and science-fiction writer, to lay down what he calls Clarke's Law: "When a distinguished but elderly scientist states that something is possible, he is almost certainly right. When he states that something is impossible, he is very probably wrong." Most erroneous predictions, Clarke believes, stem from one of two causes: a failure of imagination or a failure of nerve. His law holds up in science, at least, where knowledge seems almost a barrier to drawing an accurate picture of the future. Far better as prophets have been the science-fiction writers, who usually have limited scholarly credentials but who are abundantly endowed with both nerve

and imagination. Almost everybody knows about Jules Verne, who foresaw both submarines and voyages to the moon. Just as prophetic, however, was the late Hugo Gernsback, the first American science-fiction writer (*Ralph 124C 41Plus*), who predicted, among other things, radar, television, night baseball, rocket planes and communications satellites.

With a few exceptions, the record of the social forecasters is even more dismal than that of their brethren in the physical sciences. In 1784 the Marquis de Condorcet, a leading mathematician and philosopher of the Enlightenment, saw a placid present and looked forward to an even more placid future. "The great probability," he said, "is that we will have fewer great changes and fewer large revolutions to expect from the future than from the past. The prevailing spirit of moderation and peace seems to assure us that henceforth wars will be less frequent." Reverse everything and Condorcet would have been right on target. Five years later, France was convulsed by revolution; eight years later, Condorcet himself called his country to war; ten years later, he was a victim of the Reign of Terror. At least he lived, if only briefly, to acknowledge his error.

Condorcet was not alone in trying to build the future on the present. Writing in an era of late 19th century tranquility, French Historian Emile Faguet looked forward to an even more serene, albeit somewhat bland 20th century. "The chances are that from now on history will be less filled with vicissitudes, less colorful, and less dramatic," he wrote. "The great conqueror, the great reformer, and the great statesman will become increasingly rare." So much for Lenin, Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, Wilson, Gandhi, Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt—not to mention such colorful vicissitudes as two world wars.

That Overrated Bore

While Condorcet and Faguet erred in being too optimistic about the future, some modern social prophets have been proved wrong by being too pessimistic. Two widespread predictions of the early '60s, for example, have turned out to be incorrect, at least up till now. Automation, which a large number of Cassandras, from Michael Harrington to Linus Pauling, thought would put millions out of work, seems to have created more jobs than it abolished. Worldwide famine, which seemed mandated by exploding populations, has been forestalled by the "green revolution," the development of new wonder grains. Probably fewer people are hungry today than ten years ago.

Leaving aside that overrated bore Nostradamus, whose predictions were so gnomish that they could be interpreted to suit events, there have been a few prescient souls who have shrewdly guessed the future of society and relations among nations. Although wrong about some things—including the imminent decline and fall of capitalism—Lenin in 1918 foresaw "an inevitable conflict" between the U.S. and Japan over control of the Pacific. Six years later, General Billy Mitchell, one of the few military leaders to predict the potential of airpower in warfare, told how the Japanese would begin the conflict some morning with an attack on Pearl Harbor. Shortly before the Six-Day War in 1967, Charles de Gaulle announced almost exactly how long the war would last, who would win, and what kind of peace would follow. (He was only slightly less accurate in saying, before her marriage to Aristotle Onassis, that Jackie Kennedy would wind up on the yacht of an oilman.)

For sheer weight of accurate prediction, few can match another Frenchman, Alexis de Tocqueville, whose *Democracy in America* is still an amazingly accurate portrayal of the U.S. and its people. Writing at a time when the U.S. and Russia were hardly thought of as great powers, Tocqueville projected an inevitable American-Russian rivalry. "Their starting point is different and their courses are not the same," he wrote. "Yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

IN THEIR PLACE

What separates a Tocqueville from a Condorcet? The difference is not so much in nerve as in imagination. As the French futurist Bertrand de Jouvenel points out in his book *The Art of Conjecture*, it is impossible for most men to visualize a reversal of an existing trend. The early 1780s, when Condorcet was writing, and the late 1890s, when Fauguet made his predictions, were quiet and the world seemed civilized. Neither could conceive of a revolution or a global war that would change the foundations of society.

Lessons from the Past

In an attempt to discern just such unexpected reversals, some prophets have searched the past for clues to the future. There are, after all, lessons in history, aren't there? Not always. Looking back to the English Civil War of the 17th century and the Restoration of Charles II, French royalists, for example, expected an early return of the Bourbons after their own revolution. They got Napoleon instead. Some social prophets today have suggested that the sexual permissiveness of the 1960s will be followed by a puritanical reaction during the '70s. That, after all, is what happened in England after the licentiousness of the Resto-

The futurists, together with other leading thinkers, seem to be in general agreement that there is little likelihood of a third World War and that the population explosion (in most of the world, at least) will continue unchecked. "In the indigent two-thirds of the human race," asserts Historian Arnold Toynbee, "family planning will be long delayed. The surplus population will live miserably, without hope, on dole from the productive minority." The futurists also believe that the prosperity of the industrial countries will reach even greater heights, that Japan will be the No. 1 power of the 21st century, and that the revolution in mores and social values—"re-designing a way of life" in the words of Harvard Psychologist B.F. Skinner—will go right on. Although the professional seers have generally not descended to such trivialities, almost everyone seems to think that marijuana will be legalized before very long. Many experts meanwhile are convinced that pollution will make all the above forecasts irrelevant. Civilization will end within a generation, says George Wald, Harvard's Nobel-prizewinning biochemist, unless drastic and immediate steps are taken to reverse the despoliation of man's environment.

All these predictions seem so plausible that they have already taken on the color of conventional wisdom. The contemporary prophets may well turn out to be right. But there are some factors that ultimately might make the forecasts look foolish indeed. At least part of the Japanese eco-



ration, and in the U.S. after the giddiness of the '20s. Perhaps it will happen again, but don't take any bets.

Quite often, predictors have been right and wrong at the same time. They have correctly discerned the beginning of a trend or movement, but they have failed to anticipate its effects, which frequently are just as important. In 1899, a writer for *Scientific American* accurately foresaw the triumph of the automobile over the horse. He then made the mistake of adding: "The improvement in city conditions can hardly be overestimated. Streets clean, dustless and odorless would eliminate a greater part of the nervousness, distraction and strain of modern metropolitan life." A few minutes' application of imagination and arithmetic, putting together the collective impact of cars, people, noise and exhausts (even if many cars were then powered by steam or electricity), would have shown that if the first part of his projection was right, the second could not possibly be.

In recent years, the art of prediction has gained from sophisticated new analytic techniques and the computer. A half-scientific school of predictors known as futurists—men like De Jouvenel and Herman Kahn—has come into vogue. Will they prove to be more accurate than their less scientific, more intuitive predecessors?

One of the most striking examples of the power of the economic miracle, for instance, is the product of Japan's desire to imitate and beat the West. If the West decided that prosperity was no longer its goal, would Japan run so fast? Or, all by itself, might affluence dull the Japanese dedication to work? In other industrial countries, changing social attitudes that put less value on work might very well slow or stop the growth of prosperity. The population explosion, at the same time, might be defused by nothing more profound than a truly cheap, effective and uncomplicated method of birth control. As for pot, its legalization might be forestalled by medical proof that long-term use leads to as yet unsuspected side effects. World War III? One can only hope—and add unhappily that few people in January 1914 predicted World War I.

The best that can be said for the futurists, and for prophets of all kinds, is that their predictions force men to examine the likely outcome of what they are doing, and then add a little to the limited choice and control men have over events. "I would willingly say," declares Bertrand de Jouvenel, "that forecasting would be an absurd enterprise were it not inevitable. We have to make wagers about the future; we have no choice in the matter."

■ Gerald Clarke

PEOPLE



OTTO PREMINGER
GYPSY WITH ERIK



Lean, blondish Erik Kirkland, 26, casting director for Movie Producer Otto Preminger, calls his boss Otto. But, Preminger revealed last week, Erik is entitled to call him something else; Erik is Otto's son by the late Stripper-Author Gypsy Rose Lee, who died last April at 56. Preminger, father of ten-year-old twins by his present wife, Hope, has Erik's formal adoption in the works. Gypsy did not want to marry him, Otto explained. "She was only interested in having the baby. She was a very independent woman, way ahead of her time."

As though it were not already suffering enough cleavage, the U.S. Left has received a new Word from Black Panther Leader Eldridge Cleaver on a tape recorded in his Algerian exile and broadcast last week by California Radio Station KPFA. From now on, drugs are a no-no for revolutionaries, said Cleaver—in token of which he announced that he had "busted" Fellow Exile Timothy Leary and his wife Rosemary in Algiers. Cleaver read out of the movement "the whole silly, psychedelic drug culture, quasi-political movement of which we have been a part in the past. We're through, we're finished relating to this madness." What Eldridge wants are "sober, stone-cold revolutionaries, motivated by revolutionary love—men and women who fit the description given by Che Guevara: 'Cool, calculating killing machines to be turned against the enemy.'"

It was quite an ego trip for that veteran ego tripper Maria Callas. She sat there behind a desk on the stage of Manhattan's Juilliard Theater for an hour and a half, answering questions from an audience that included music stars and music students, society folk and reporters. Some of the answers: "I dislike triumphs. It always puts you in too high a place. When I want to resume singing, people will

want me to top the triumphs they remember. I dislike Puccini. But Puccini has given me more money on my records than anyone else." The final question came from Metropolitan Opera General Manager Rudolf Bing, with whom she has had several high-decibel differences: "Will you have lunch with me on Friday?" Big smile, no answer.

Moravia's Complaint might well be the title of Rome's bestselling new novel by Alberto Moravia. Instead the author calls it *Me and Him*. "Me" is a scriptwriter with higher ambitions; "Him" is his sexual organ, which demands too much of the writer's time and energy. "I have tried to tell on an artistic level what is usually described in psychoanalytical texts," says Moravia, 63. "Basically it is metaphorical—although I admit unusual."

Illinois' late secretary of state, Paul Powell, the veteran politician who managed to leave an estimated \$2.5 million—hundreds of thousands of it in cash-stuffed shoeboxes—will receive a posthumous Americanism award from the American Veterans of World War II and Korea. It is doubtful that the citation will include the encomium of his Illinois colleague Senator Adlai Stevenson III: "His shoeboxes will be hard to fill."

Really now, what a bit of cheek! Britain's Master Tailors' Benevolent Association was holding a formal dinner—white tie and decorations, of course—and in strolled Prince Charles wearing (Gad!) an old tweed jacket over his boiled shirt. But—signs of relief—it turned out to be just a royal rag on the article in *Tailor & Cutter* that had accused the Prince of studied "shabbiness" (TIME, Feb. 8). Charles donned a proper tailcoat after grace and made a polite speech, in the course of which he revealed why he and his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, often walk with their hands behind their backs. "It is not a genetic trait," said Charles. "It is because we both have the same tailor (M.T.B.A. Chairman Edward Watson), and he makes the sleeves so tight we can't get our hands in front."

O tempora! Hard on Paul McCartney's suit to dissolve the Beatles came more rock-rocking news: Rhythm-Gui-

tarist Tom Fogerty was quitting The Creedence Clearwater Revival, which was just voted the world's top rock vocal group by Britain's *New Musical Express*. The California group, whose recent album *Pendulum* sold more than a million copies even before release, will continue as a trio. No Beatlesque bad blood, though. "It wasn't planned," says Tom. "It just dawned on me that whatever talent I have, I must develop on my own. I'm 29 now and soon I'll be 30. Then nobody will talk to me and I won't know where it's at."

White House servants gasped. There, one evening last week, was Jacqueline Onassis—Mrs. Kennedy, as they still think of her—with Caroline and John on a surprise visit to see the official portraits of President John F. Kennedy and herself commissioned from Painter Aaron Shikler. Patricia Nixon had arranged it all in secret with Jackie; President Nixon left his office early to join them for drinks and dinner. "We were anxious to keep it an evening the children would enjoy," said Pat Nixon. "So we talked sports a lot, and about schools and vacations." John was "a little gentleman," wide-eyed at seeing his former home, which he did not remember. "I didn't know it was so big," he exclaimed. Caroline reminisced with Julie Eisenhower and Tricia Nixon about the kindergarten class she had attended in the White House solarium, and how she used to ride her pony, Macaroni, on the south lawn. The portraits were hung and unveiled ahead of schedule to beat the publication of a cover picture and article by Painter Shikler in the March *McCall's*. They show Jacqueline as beautiful, cool and elongated in a pale-saffron Givenchy. J.F.K. is done in light, muted tones—arms folded, head down—a far cry from the heavy-hued stare of traditional presidential portraiture. Jackie enthusiastically approves. It was her first visit to the White House since her husband's assassination, and the pleasant evening helped to banish black memories. "She loved being back," said her hostess. "She really did."



J.F.K.

JACQUELINE

The urgent need to conserve our nation's fuel isn't the only reason to stop wasting heat.

Just watch what happens to your fuel bills.

They're going up.

Whether you heat with oil, gas, coal, or electricity. And things will probably get worse before they get better.

Our fuel supplies haven't kept pace with the needs of our growing population. The demand for electricity alone doubles every 10 years.

The kinds of fuel we use are changing, too. Clean fuels, like low-sulphur coal and oil, cost more. (Better things usually do.)

Fortunately, there is something all of us can do to stretch our fuel supplies and keep fuel bills in line.

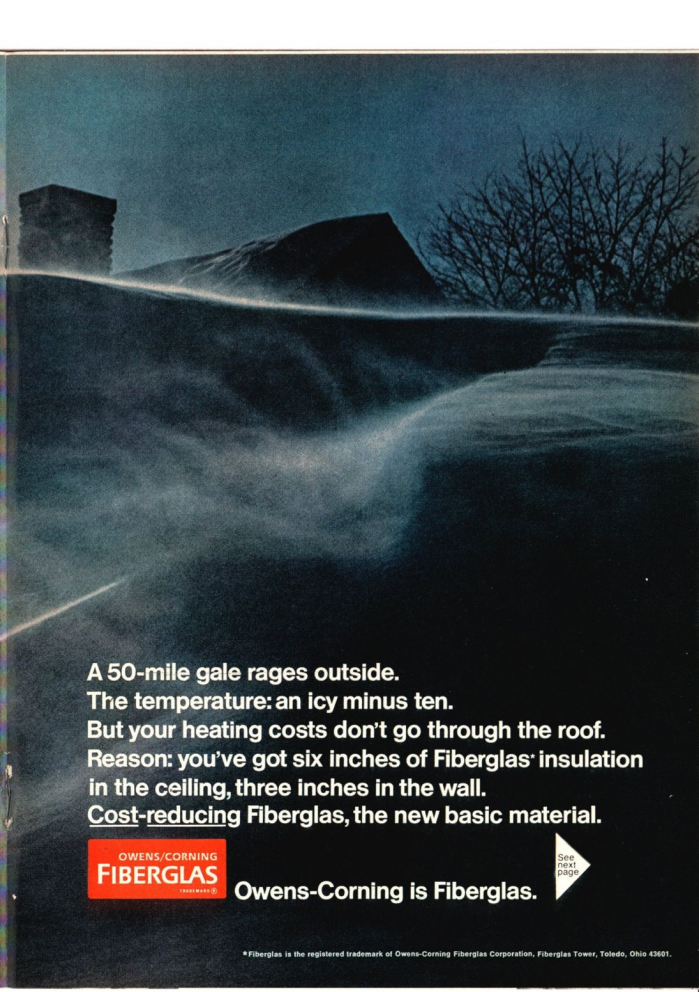
We can stop wasting heat.

A new brochure, prepared by the National Bureau of Standards, in collaboration with the Office of the Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs, describes seven ways to increase your personal comfort, reduce fuel costs, and serve the overall national interest by conserving energy in the home.

On the next two pages Owens-Corning explains how Fiberglas* insulation can help, and then offers a summary of the Government's seven suggestions with information on how to get a free copy of the brochure.

See
next
page





**A 50-mile gale rages outside.
The temperature: an icy minus ten.
But your heating costs don't go through the roof.
Reason: you've got six inches of Fiberglas[®] insulation
in the ceiling, three inches in the wall.
Cost-reducing Fiberglas, the new basic material.**

OWENS/CORNING
FIBERGLAS
TRADEMARK

Owens-Corning is Fiberglas.

See
next
page

7 ways to conserve energy and cut household fuel bills.

Here is a summary of the suggestions offered in the new brochure prepared by the National Bureau of Standards and the Office of the Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs.

1 Weatherstrip and caulk around all windows and doors. Leaking air could waste 15 to 30 percent of the money you spend on heating.

2 Install storm windows or insulating glass. Storm windows cut heat loss through your windows by 50 percent. They also help to prevent cold drafts across the floor.

3 Install overhead and sidewall insulation. Under most conditions, you should have not less than the equivalent of 6 inches of good thermal insulation over your top floor ceiling. It helps you feel more comfortable in both summer and winter. And in most parts of the country, it pays for itself by reducing heating bills in the winter. It also cuts air-conditioning costs in the summer.

4 Keep your heating plant in good shape. Have the heat exchange surfaces of your heating plant cleaned when needed. And have a qualified repairman check the air combustion adjustment every so often. If your heating plant recirculates house air, make sure you clean or replace the filters when they get dirty.

5 Close window draperies at night. In cold weather, when the window glass is chilled, a closed drapery will reduce the heat your body loses by sitting near a window. You'll feel comfortable without raising the room temperature.

6 Stop heat loss to your attic. Close and seal tightly all openings into the attic. But keep outdoor air vents open in attics and crawl spaces in the winter to prevent condensation in insulation or other building materials.

7 Turn off lights, stop faucet leaks, lower the thermostat. You can save a lot of kilowatts by turning off lights, TV sets, and so on when they're not being used. Don't forget hot water faucets, either. A leak of one drop per second adds up to about 650 gallons a year. At night, lower the thermostat for 8 hours. Fuel savings can amount to three quarters of a percent for each degree your thermostat is lowered. For example, you can save \$1.80 on a \$60 per month heating bill by lowering your thermostat 4 degrees.

If you'd like more information on how to conserve energy and cut your heating bill, send for the complete booklet prepared by the National Bureau of Standards and the Office of the Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs. Write to Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Attention: E. C. Meeks, Fiberglas Tower, Toledo, Ohio 43601.

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TRADEMARK ©

MEDICINE

Caring for the Community

Private hospitals are relatively rare in the nation's urban ghettos. Some have followed their white patients and doctors to the suburbs; others have closed because low-income blacks cannot afford their fees. Despite this pattern, which helps make black health care a scandal in many U.S. cities, two small private hospitals in Chicago's West Side ghetto have proved that such institutions can not only survive but also serve their communities as well as ever.

Bethany Brethren Hospital, a 66-bed facility run by the Church of the Brethren, went out of its way to accept poor residents as patients as early as 1960, when the area's ethnic makeup began changing rapidly from Italian to Spanish to black. By the time of the 1968 race riots, 90% of Bethany's patients were black; though nearby buildings were damaged during the disorders, the hospital sheltered community residents and escaped untouched.

Unacceptable Union. Bethany's success helped convert the 141-bed Garfield Park Hospital, whose white patients had moved to more affluent areas. Garfield's board sought a merger with Bethany, which agreed on condition that the hospital open its doors to blacks from the neighborhood. The directors then merged the two institutions and appointed a white administrator, Vernon Showalter, 42, who had run Bethany since 1952. He firmly told Garfield's medical staff: "Black patients are the ones living in this community, and it's black patients who are going to end up in this hospital." Many doctors found the union unacceptable and, over the next few months, several responded by resigning.

To replace them, Dr. Risher Watts Jr., 45, a black physician who headed the hospitals' combined medical staffs,

set about recruiting young doctors who were willing to accept the risks of working in the ghetto. Those risks were considerable: Showalter has been mugged near the hospital; two doctors have had close calls. But Watts now has a staff of more than 100 doctors, including 15 blacks. Each hospital's board also includes seven black directors.

Hiring other personnel proved harder. Garfield's white nursing director quit shortly after the merger; Showalter desperately replaced her with a black male nurse who lacked the generally required bachelor's degree. Other appointments were equally unorthodox. Garfield's personnel director is a former inventory clerk at a local faucet factory; the food-service manager is a onetime hospital kitchen worker whose ability to run a kitchen more than compensates for her lack of training in dietetics.

The measure of the merger's success is that many West Side blacks now can avoid Chicago's publicly supported Cook County Hospital, which is notoriously crowded. Local residents account for 80% of Garfield's patients and 90% of Bethany's. They have also taken advantage of the Bethany Medical Center, an outpatient clinic housed in a former grocery store. The center provides non-emergency and dental care for 1,600 people a month. The average cost of treatment, including tests and X rays, is \$17.

But finances remain a problem. The two hospitals mainly rely on reimbursements from the state welfare department, which supports most of their patients. Those payments are often delayed as long as six months. As a result, both hospitals operate in the red.

No one expects these struggling little private hospitals to solve the ghetto's massive health-care problems. Even so, they aim to expand their limited facilities, not cut back on their services. Gar-

field is seeking a Government grant for a health-care center similar to Bethany's. Bethany also hopes to start a methadone program for drug addicts next month. It is not waiting until then to do something about the drug problem. Accompanied by an ex-addict, a hospital pharmacist is busily touring neighborhood schools to warn children and help stop addiction before it begins.

Cough-Remedy Caution

The worst thing for a cough may be cough medicine, says the *Medical Letter*, a biweekly newsletter edited by physicians for physicians. Taking aim at nonprescription cough syrups and elixirs, which contain as many as five drugs, the editors warn that "there are no reports of well-controlled trials" showing that such mixtures are effective. Nor, warns the *Letter*, are they safe.

Multiple-drug remedies include a cough suppressant like codeine or dextromethorphan, which may be useful if a doctor prescribes the right amount (about 20 milligrams for adults, five to 15 for children). But most drugstore cough remedies lack sufficient amounts. Worse, their other ingredients can interact with additional drugs the buyer may be taking—for example, tranquilizers, antidepressants or drugs for high blood pressure. This can cause a "blood-pressure crisis." Moreover, some cough elixirs contain from 43% to 50% ethyl alcohol, the equivalent of 100-proof whisky. Some teen-agers are buying such brands as popular "kick inducers."

Calling for better research and prescription controls the *Medical Letter* advises: "Cough is a protective reflex; its severity should be diminished, but when there are copious secretions, it should not be suppressed by large doses of an antitussive agent." In most cases, the best remedy is an old-fashioned regimen of warm drinks and steam inhalation. Beyond that, "the familiar throat-tickling irritation can often be relieved by a candy drop."

WAITING PATIENTS



DR. WATTS & TONSILLITIS PATIENT



DR. WATTS WITH NEWBORN BABY



BEHAVIOR

What's Wrong With Drug Education?

To combat the growing use of drugs among youth, most U.S. school systems have adopted drug-education programs that make extensive use of documentary films. Now a stinging review of these films makes plain one reason the programs seem to be having little effect. After a \$60,000 study, the Washington-based National Coordinating Council on Drug Abuse Education and Information revealed that the films are so eager to scare kids away from drugs that they undermine the credibility of their messages. Too often the films distort what is scientifically known about drugs and ignore the many uncertainties.

Of 78 films and teaching aids widely used in drug-education courses, the council found that 36 were "scientifically unacceptable"—including four of those distributed by the Pentagon and the armed services. Even those rated acceptable contained many inaccuracies. In one of the most popular films, *Narcotics: Pit of Despair*, for example, the commentary refers to a "pot-needle" (although pot is not injected), thereby inappropriately linking marijuana with heroin. *LSD: Insight or Insanity* is criticized for asserting flatly that LSD causes chromosome damage and birth defects when, in fact, the possible genetic effects of LSD are still debatable.

In *The People Next Door*, LSD and STP users are said to require "a controlled environment indefinitely" following their initiation, a situation that develops only rarely. A 1970 Defense Department film, *The People vs. Pot*, melodramatically refers to a marijuana-produced "killer instinct"—a reaction the report calls "atypical" (see following story).

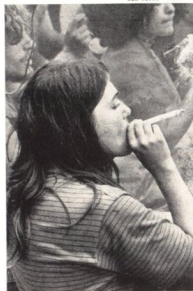
In some ways, the report itself is unrealistic and nitpicking, objecting to such legitimate phrases as "some doctors believe" and "many LSD users lose all contact with reality." Some doctors do believe that LSD causes genetic damage and that marijuana may have some still undiscovered, long-range effects; they have not yet been proved wrong. Many LSD users have had bad trips and recurring psychotic episodes.

No Single Effect. The problem, according to Psychologist Helen Nowlis, one of the three scientists who screened the films for factual accuracy, is that their emphasis on extreme reactions to drugs "just doesn't correspond with the experience the kids are having. It's like trying to teach a two-year-old that radiators burn in the middle of the summertime. It's a crazy imbalance to stress marijuana hallucinations when 99% of the kids who try a marijuana cigarette don't get hallucinations, and it may do serious harm. A lot of heroin users say,

"You lied to us about pot—so we didn't believe you about heroin."

Helen Nowlis, 57, a University of Rochester counselor and ombudsman, has become increasingly well known as a spokeswoman for those who feel that the nation is underestimating the complexity of the drug problem. As chairman of the U.S. Office of Education advisory panel on drug education, she has spent the past year crisscrossing the country to sell her point of view to state agencies, school systems and colleges. Her philosophy began to take shape twenty years ago, when she par-

KEVIN MAZUR—CAMERA 3



TURNING ON AT ROCK FESTIVAL
"You lied about pot."

ticipated in one of the first comprehensive studies of the social, emotional and physical results of drugs, and concluded that "there is no single effect for any drug. If you let me choose the person and the dose, I could produce any effect you name with any drug." Since then, she has lobbied astutely behind the scenes to make researchers, government officials and teachers focus on "people, not chemicals."

Moreover, she argues, "any program where total abstinence is the goal is doomed to failure." By way of analogy, she says, "Eighty million people use alcohol, and only 8%-10% of them abuse it and become problem drinkers or alcoholics. Only about 10% of marijuana smokers are more than occasional users. We should concentrate on why some people go from use to abuse, what the danger signals are and how to get help. We need to teach kids from the time they learn to talk that they need to respect drugs, that all drugs have risks, and that the human body is not just a car that can be given Bardahl when something goes wrong."

The Pot Report: Still Inconclusive

In the continuing debate over the effects of pot, the heads appeared last week to have gained a slight edge over the straights. Issuing a summary of current scientific knowledge about marijuana, the National Institute of Mental Health asserted that for most people the drug "does not seem harmful." But the institute cautioned that information about marijuana—especially about its long-term effects—is still fragmentary and that final judgments await more research.

Meanwhile, NIMH reported some interim findings:

- ▶ There is no evidence that marijuana affects unborn children.
- ▶ Use of the drug is sometimes associated with "minor social or antisocial behavior," but not with major crime.
- ▶ Use may precipitate psychosis in perhaps one out of 300 cases, but only in "those who were about to crack anyway." Attacks of anxiety occur in a small percentage of cases, but the panic is transitory; it disappears when the victim is assured that nothing is seriously wrong with him.
- ▶ Although heavy use sometimes is associated with an "amotivational syndrome"—loss of interest in conventional goals—there is no present evidence that the drug causes the syndrome. Indeed, there is the possibility that the syndrome causes the drug use; those without conventional motivation may find drugs especially attractive.
- ▶ There is little evidence of progression from marijuana to hard drugs.

Underscoring the need for more facts about pot, NIMH reported that use has increased rapidly in the past few years. In a survey of 10,000 students at 50 colleges, Dr. Peter H. Rossi of Johns Hopkins University found that 31% had tried marijuana at least once, and 14% were using it "every week or two." By contrast, a 1969 Gallup poll showed that 9% of college-trained people had experimented with the drug.

NIMH reported, however, that in California, which was first to experience "the onslaught of drugs," marijuana use may well have "crested." In San Mateo County, for example, seventh- and eighth-graders smoked less pot in 1970 than in 1969. Dr. Bertram Brown, director of NIMH, believes that the decline may well presage similar decreases in marijuana use elsewhere in the next few years.

Inconclusive though it is, the NIMH report will provide a starting point for the commission appointed by President Nixon. A 13-member panel of doctors, educators and Congressmen, headed by Pennsylvania's former Republican Governor Raymond Shafer, will make a two-year study of the use and effects of marijuana and then try to answer one of the most sensitive questions now before Congress: Should pot be legalized?

Therapy in the Gym

George, six years old and puny, put on a pair of heavy boxing gloves and squared off. "Good luck," he chirped at his sparring partner, a pudgy, middle-aged man with an embarrassed grin on his face. Then, summoning his fiercest look, George hauled off and belted his dad not once but twice, smack on the nose. His father, an eminent Boston psychiatrist, looked pained—but pleased.

George's triumph occurred recently at the Academy of Physical and Social Development in the affluent Boston suburb of Newton Center. A year and a half ago, the little boy was timorous, overattached to his mother, and the victim of two badgering sisters. Now, say academy staffers, he is "quite a tiger." (A few days before socking his father, he had flailed away at a sister.) The transformation is typical of changes wrought by Sumner ("Mike") Burg, an unpretentious man whose lack of professional credentials has not kept him from winning the respect of psychoanalysts and psychiatrists. Using his remarkable rapport with insecure children and adults, Mike builds their self-confidence by teaching them to use their bodies more effectively in individual and team sports.

Words of Advice. Mike's academy looks much like an ordinary gym, with boxing, judo and karate lessons, plus hockey and football games usually going on. What is unusual is that so many fathers take lessons along with their sons. Mike himself is always on hand, seeking to straighten out the father who is too competitive with his son, too demanding, or even too shy. He constantly offers words of praise or advice to the kids. "Control, control,"

he says. "Think what you're doing! If you're the boss of you, you can become the boss of the other guy."

Physical activity, Mike thinks, can be "a sneaky way of getting to everything about a person's life." With children, he says, "we try to establish that feeling in themselves so that they have that pride—I am an individual—to make the boy accept himself as what he is." About his role with grownups, Mike explains: "They see me out there, knocking myself out, whether it's bleeding or yelling or talking, and then in the office I can talk to them about intimate things, and it's informal, you know. It's not a matter of me being a psychiatrist; I don't know any better than they do, you know what I mean?"

No Unconscious Hostility. Professionals have a more formal explanation of Mike's success. Says Psychiatrist Miles Shore of Tufts University medical school: "Mike understands that behavior is communication. He understands that when a kid backs away from a ball that's thrown at him, that says something about the kid's comfort with his body, or his conflict about aggression." That conflict, Psychiatrist Lawrence Salvesen of Massachusetts General Hospital believes, often comes out in a child's fantasy that he is either "superman or super-egg (exceptionally fragile)." Mike relieves a child's anxiety, Salvesen explains, by teaching him that he can neither destroy nor be destroyed in an ordinary fight. To Psychiatrist Joao Selzer of Boston, the key is Mike himself, "one of those charismatic, enthusiastic, down-to-earth people, who does things right intuitively because he doesn't have a lot of unconscious hostility" to get in the way.

Though Mike is free of handicapping emotional problems now, he was once beset by self-doubts. The only child of a very poor Jewish family in Chelsea, Mass., he ran away at 17 from a mother who spoiled him and a father who was forceful but "kinda scary." He became, successively, a dishwasher, carnival worker, Army drill sergeant, and newspaper advertising manager and pub-

lisher. Then, one arm went dead. There was nothing physically wrong with it, as Mike learned from his doctors. "I was afraid I couldn't stand the pressure, and I didn't want to look like a bum, so I just got myself sick with the arm." To cure his arm—and his psyche—Mike worked out in a gym. From there, he moved to his academy and other people's psyches.

Mike deals mostly with children. One small client, born with half a nose, learned to face the world without excessive self-consciousness. An asthmatic child whose parents had once been afraid to let him exercise developed enough self-assurance to control his asthma attacks without medicine, and a chronic bedwetter learned to keep dry. Among adults, a professor was taught to ride a bike so that he could go out with his son, and a frail teacher, taunted by students in his rough high school, learned self-defense. So far, Mike has worked with neurotics. But he is becoming interested in Boston State Hospital and its psychotics. These patients, explains Psychiatric Resident George Sigel, "use their psychosis as a defense against their fears" of their own violent impulses. With Mike's help, he believes, patients might conquer these fears and use their aggressive energy constructively.



INSTRUCTOR WITH BURG



ACADEMY PUPIL ON RINGS

STEVE HANSEN



SPARRING MATCH

THE LAW

The Problem of Conspiracy

What do Charles Manson, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Billie Sol Estes, Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale, various General Electric executives and numerous Mafia members have in common? They have all been accused or convicted of conspiracy, the most elusive crime on the books. The crime can be little more than an intention: an agreement between two or more people to do something illegal. Federal law and many state laws add the stipulation that at least one conspirator take an overt step, not necessarily an illegal one. But so sprawling and elastic is the legal conception that the late Judge Learned

Uneasy Seat. In theory, a secret agreement ought to be so hard to prove that the courtroom odds should favor the defense. In practice, the prosecution often has the advantage. For one thing, jurors tend to accept an alleged conspiracy as a proven fact when they see defendants grouped together in the courtroom. Each one of the defendants occupies "an uneasy seat," wrote the late Justice Robert Jackson of the U.S. Supreme Court. "It is difficult to make his case stand on its own merits in the minds of jurors who are ready to believe that birds of a feather are flocked together."

As if to reinforce this guilt by association, the prosecutor has wide lat-

against leaders of dissident political groups. Indeed, some scholars agree with Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz, who argues: "I would wipe the law clean of conspiracy; on balance, it does more harm than good."

Dershowitz's dictum is extreme; outright repeal of conspiracy laws seems unwise. They are needed to stop dangerous plots before they are executed. But eminent scholars do support two basic reforms. For one thing, prosecutors should not be allowed to bring conspiracy charges when the plot has been carried out and the participants can be prosecuted for the very crime they conspired to commit. Second, critics like Yale's Goldstein contend that conspiracy law should be more compatible with the more explicit law of attempts. Under that doctrine, an illegal act must be close to consummation be-

BOB PETERSON—LIFE

JOHN ROBERTSON—CAMERA 5

FRAN ORTIZ

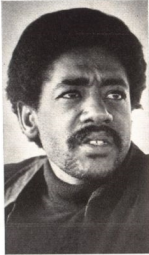
DON CRAVENS—LIFE



SPOCK



HOFFMAN



SEALE



ESTES

Darling of the prosecutor's nursery.

Hand called conspiracy "the darling of the modern prosecutor's nursery." To convict Father Philip Berrigan of conspiring to kidnap Henry Kissinger, for example, the Government need not prove that the antiwar priest and his five co-defendants ever approached the presidential adviser or even laid eyes on him. It must simply show that there was an agreement and that at least one conspirator took an overt step toward carrying out the alleged plot.

As legal critics see it, American prosecutors have increasingly and often unfairly taken advantage of the fact that conspiracy requires less evidence of actual injurious conduct than any other crime. Prosecutors sometimes coerce testimony from remote participants who can be intimidated by the broad net of a conspiracy charge. Any one of them may be persuaded to testify against his co-conspirators in return for immunity from prosecution. In still another tactic familiar to prosecutors, conspiracy is sometimes added to other charges, to strengthen the prosecutor's hand in bargaining for a guilty plea.

It is to introduce hearsay evidence, including defendants' statements, so long as they support the conspiracy theory. To compound a jury's confusion, once a conspiracy has been established, any defendant is equally culpable for the acts of the others. So complex are the legal rules that the judge himself may unwittingly tip the scales against individual defendants when he charges the jury and tells it how difficult conspiracy is to prove and how secretive conspirators tend to be. The net effect, says Dean Abraham Goldstein of the Yale Law School, "is to invite juries to find 'guilt' on less evidence than is required of other crimes."

Clean Sweep? Conspiracy thus poses a legal dilemma. In its effort to cope with group crime, society tends to discard a basic premise of Anglo-American law: the presumption that an individual is innocent until proved guilty. Many legal scholars believe that jurors often regard conspiracy defendants as guilty until proved innocent. There is also rising concern about the Government's increasing use of conspiracy laws

fore it is deemed an attempted crime. Thus Goldstein would make conspiracy a criminal matter only when the conspirators have carried their agreement to the advanced stage of an actual attempt and are unlikely to withdraw from their unlawful scheme. But even such reforms would be less urgently needed if prosecutors applied present conspiracy laws more sparingly and fairly. The basic problem is not the laws, but those who misuse them.

Speaking Out in Germany

Dissent is essential to an effective judiciary in a democratic society.

—Felix Frankfurter

More than 60% of all U.S. Supreme Court decisions are accompanied by dissenting opinions that routinely flay the majority's reasoning. By contrast, most European nations bar published judicial dissent as a threat to the authority of the law. Nowhere was this insistence on judicial orthodoxy more damaging than in Hitler's Germany, where disapproving judges had no

VEGA. THE LITTLE CAR THAT BEGS TO BE DRIVEN.

There's only one way, really, to find out what a Vega is all about and that's to drive one.

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And Vega is. And Vega is more.

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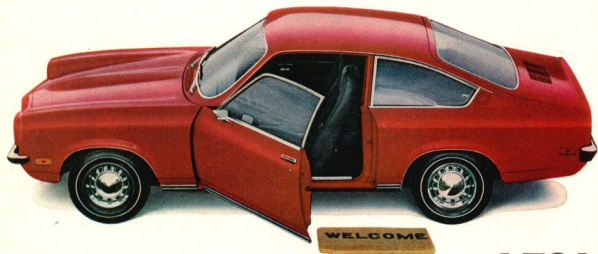
Wait until you take some tight turns in a Vega and feel how responsive the steering is, yet how nice and firm on the straightaway.

Wait until you hit the highway and feel how smooth and steady and quiet a Vega runs at highway speeds, even in blustery crosswinds.

Wait until you drive a Vega.

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How about today or tomorrow?



Another leaf from our 125-year history

Teddy Roosevelt was a risky risk

Throughout his life Theodore Roosevelt had a disturbing habit. He kept fencing with death.

He fought his way out of a sickly, frail boyhood to become a star boxer for Harvard. He put his life on the line at San Juan Hill. He even took on lions in Africa.

The kind of heroic figure to make any lady's pulse flutter.

However, our life underwriters have very steady pulses. And very rigid rules. On the surface Teddy Roosevelt's death-defying activities made him a risky risk.

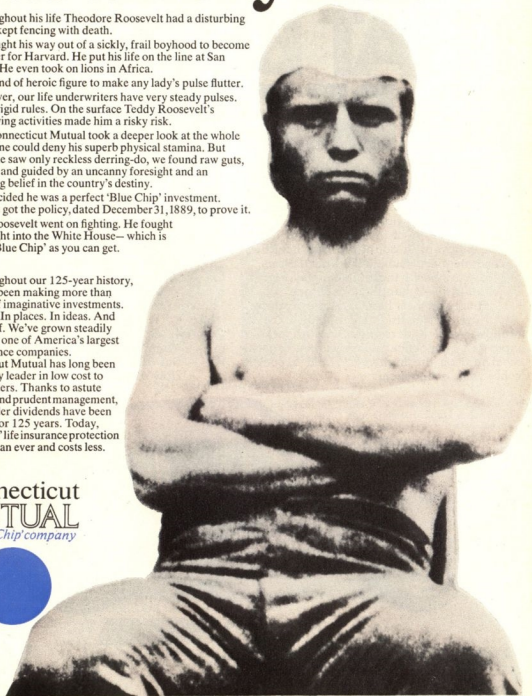
But Connecticut Mutual took a deeper look at the whole man. No one could deny his superb physical stamina. But where some saw only reckless derring-do, we found raw guts, controlled and guided by an uncanny foresight and an unwavering belief in the country's destiny.

We decided he was a perfect 'Blue Chip' investment. And we've got the policy, dated December 31, 1889, to prove it.

Mr. Roosevelt went on fighting. He fought his way right into the White House—which is about as 'Blue Chip' as you can get.

● Throughout our 125-year history, CML has been making more than its share of imaginative investments. In people. In places. In ideas. And it's paid off. We've grown steadily to become one of America's largest life insurance companies. Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader in low cost to policyholders. Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unailing for 125 years. Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less.

Connecticut
MUTUAL
the Blue Chip company



official forum in which to voice their criticism of Nazi law.

Although legislation recently empowered Germany's highest court to publish dissents, the country's courts still tend to maintain the absolutist tradition. So it came as a singular surprise to the public last month when three judges delivered the first published dissent in the history of German national law. At issue was another new law that permits certain state agencies to monitor the mail and telephones of any West German citizen. The "tap law," which required two constitutional amendments before it could be passed, allows the monitors to operate without giving legal notice of their intentions, and without any court review of their actions. Last month a five-judge majority of the Federal Constitutional Court upheld the law as "a necessary measure for the protection of the state and the free democratic order."

Civil Courage. Judges Gregor Geller, Fabian von Schlabrendorff and Hans Rupp boldly disagreed with the majority opinion. "It is a contradiction in itself," they wrote, "to want to protect the constitution by abandoning its inviolable principles," individual privacy and judicial review.

Though upset by the court's decision, the country's civil libertarians were delighted that a dissent had finally been published. "Civil courage is somewhat underdeveloped in Germany," said Judge Rupp, a Harvard-trained jurist who has served 19 years on the court. But he and his fellow dissenters feel they may have started a minor revolution in German jurisprudence.

Tightening Plastic Credit

In recent years banks and retailers have competed vigorously to stuff U.S. wallets with millions of credit cards (see MUSIC). Their success quickly taught burglars and muggers that a stolen card can fetch several thousand dollars' worth of merchandise in a few hours, to say nothing of a \$100 resale rate from the nearest fence. Last year card thieves netted an estimated \$30 million in goods and services from the nation's 15 major oil companies alone.

Last week corporations were given a new incentive to crack down on credit-card fraud. Under an amendment to the Truth in Lending Act, legitimate cardholders are protected from legal liability for more than \$50 of unauthorized purchases by credit-card thieves. A company can go to court to collect that \$50 maximum from the cardholder only if it had previously advised him of his liability and provided a self-addressed pre-stamped notice to be returned when the card is stolen or lost. The law also requires that all new credit cards bear clear identification of the holder, usually a color photo or signature. Now that he has legal protection against unauthorized credit-card purchases, the customer has only one remaining problem: how to pay for the goods he does authorize.



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When the moment is too good to let go... get behind a mild tasting A&C Grenadier. In light or dark wrapper, A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos pleases you with flavor—and flavor is the reason A&C sales continue to soar these days. Get behind an A&C Grenadier (shown actual size). Or choose a Panetela, Tony, or any one of A&C's nine other sizes and shapes.

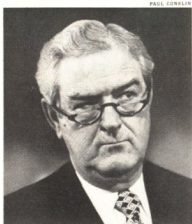


Antonio y Cleopatra

Pack or box, you're ahead behind an A&C.



THE PRESS



JOHN CONNALLY
Clearing the air, at least.

Non-Exposé

"FOUNDATION PAID CONNALLY \$225,000 WHILE GOVERNOR." The New York Times headline last week was modest in size, but it carried the unmistakable flavor of exposé.

Starting on page one and jumping to a six-column spread was a story laboriously pieced together on the financial connexions between President Nixon's nominee for Secretary of the Treasury, John Connally, and the late Texas oil tycoon Sid W. Richardson. The article reported that when Richardson died in 1959, Connally was named one of three executors of the \$105 million estate. In 1963 he became Governor of Texas.

The Times quoted the Texas state constitution: "During the time he holds the office of Governor he shall not practice any profession, and receive compensation, reward, fee, or the promise thereof." The Times reported that in 1967, while he was Governor, "foundation records were showing payments to Mr. Connally." Reporter Martin Waldron had tried to get Connally's side of the story, but was told that the President had asked Connally not to grant interviews until after the Senate's confirmation vote.

Hopping Mad. When the story appeared, Connally asked that the closed hearings of the Senate Finance Committee be opened. He explained that the payments were spread over a ten-year period for tax reasons. During the time he was Governor, he performed minor chores for the estate. The committee approved his nomination, 13-0, but a few of its members were hopping mad.

Louisiana Democrat Russell B. Long, committee chairman, fumed that "the Times article sought to infer something improper about the payments." The Washington Post fired a double-barreled blast at both the Times for "unfair insinuations," and at Connally's "friends" on the Finance Committee for giving

"the appearance of wanting to shove the whole situation out of sight by forcing an immediate vote" on his confirmation. Michigan's Robert Griffin, the Republican whip, told Connally: "If this is all there is to it, the New York Times owes you an apology."

The Times does not see it quite that way. Assistant Managing Editor Seymour Topping explained: "We've treated this story as any story on virtually every major appointment—we check out the background of the appointee. We made no special effort. We think there are things worth looking into."

The best that could be said for the Connally non-exposé was that it cleared the air. Rumors about the Richardson-Connally relationship had circulated in Texas for years. Though Connally had given some details of his connections with the Foundation in 1961, during his confirmation hearings as Kennedy's Secretary of the Navy, the Times pointed out that "Mr. Connally did not mention that he was to receive payment of his executor fees over ten years." It was only last week that Connally explained his deferred-tax arrangement.



CARTIER-BRESSON SHOOTING



BASTILLE DAY PARADER

Master of the Moment

Cradled in the crook of his arm or clutched tightly in his palm, the camera is his constant companion. At any instant, any place, Henri Cartier-Bresson may suddenly lift his battered Leica to eye level, click the shutter and return instantly to whatever he was doing before what he calls "the decisive moment." Capturing such moments—usually joy, sadness, love, a memory reflected in a face or posture—has been Cartier-Bresson's life and profession for more than three decades. He has become the master of the documentary photograph.

The latest monuments to that profession are a new book, *Cartier-Bresson's France* (Viking Press, \$18.95), and an exhibition of 73 photographs now on view in New York's Hailmark Gallery. His work portrays the many faces of France: children at play in the slums, lovers nuzzling at sidewalk cafés, old people reflecting on the long ago. It shows not dynamic events but ageless instants gathered in more than a year of shooting throughout his native land. Though he founded the Magnum agency in 1947 with the late Robert Capa and others, Cartier-Bres-



SIDWALK CAFÉ SIZE-UP



FASHION MODELS PARADE

son never shared his partners' love of front-page action photography.

His style, says Cartier-Bresson, requires "a velvet hand, a hawk's eye." Carrying a single camera covered with black tape to make it as unobtrusive as possible, he has managed to compress life into 35-mm. frames. He calls himself a "discoverer" and says that his success "depends on intuition, very quick guessing. When you take a good picture, it jumps out, like an orgasm."

Cartier-Bresson avoids being photographed whenever he can, and once gave a television interview with his back to the camera. A picture would show a man of 62, an ascetic face with fine bones and high forehead. He rarely talks of his personal life (he divorced his first wife, a Balinese dancer, and married a photographer last year). But he is willing to allow glimpses of his mind: "My relation to my camera is a combination of the psychiatrist's couch, a machine gun and a warm kiss."

Down with Color. Simplicity and fragility are trademarks of Cartier-Bresson. He works with the same Leica for years before reluctantly replacing it, and seldom employs filters or anything other than the standard 50-mm. lens. He never uses artificial lighting, never crops a negative for emphasis or effect. Says LIFE Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, himself a master: "In the area of reportage, he is definitely without peer."

Color photography has no attraction for Cartier-Bresson, who did 17 color shots for *France* only at his publisher's insistence. "I don't like color," he told TIME Correspondent Christopher Porterfield. "By the time it goes through the printer, the inks and the paper, it has nothing to do with the emotion you had when you shot it. Black and white is a transcription of that emotion, an abstraction of it." Mechanics bore him. "Why talk about technique or equipment anyway?" he asks. "Do you talk about the pen and paper when you write? Or about the method when you make love?"

On occasion, Cartier-Bresson has strayed from his specialty. In the late 1930s he served briefly as an assistant to the French film director Jean Renoir, and he is now finishing a half-hour television film for CBS on the American South. Video cassettes also interest Cartier-Bresson as a future medium. "One has to be aware of what's going to happen and be ahead," he says. "But at the same time, one mustn't change one's style. The human being is still there. A baby still takes nine months to come."

Father Leaves Home

"Scott is the *Chronicle*. He embodies the spirit, the flair, and the insanity of this paper. It's like losing a father." Film and Pop Music Critic John Wasserman was only putting into words what staffers of the San Francisco *Chronicle* described as "non-hysterical

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depression" over the departure of Executive Editor Scott Newhall, 57.

When Newhall left last month, he took with him much of the flamboyance and fun that has characterized the *Chronicle* during his 18 years as top editor. Almost singlehandedly, Newhall changed the *Chronicle* from a dull, gray daily loaded with international news into a paper full of snappy human interest stories, pictures with lots of cleavage and bizarre headlines. Example: "A Great City is Forced to Drink Swill" —followed by an "exposé" of the alleged bad coffee in restaurants.

Newhall also had a tremendous drive to be first and constantly left the *Examiner* far behind in covering the "post teen-age youth world" and watching the radical movement. Nothing pleased him more than scooping his arch rival. His biggest scoop in recent years was the *Chronicle's* exposé of San Francisco

JOHN BRENNER



EDITOR NEWHALL

Flamboyance went with him.

County Tax Assessor Russell Wolden. The paper disclosed that Wolden gave favorable tax assessments to his friends, a crime for which he was later convicted. When the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* merged in September 1965, much of Newhall's competitive drive was diverted into conflict with Publisher-Owner Charles de Young Thieriot.

Ever since Thieriot inherited control of the *Chronicle* in 1955, he has been slowly shifting to the right. More and more, Newhall was forced into a buffer position between his young liberal staff and the conservative publisher. The feeling among Newhall's associates last week was that the weary editor had left because he was just plain fed up with ideological disputes with his publisher. Thieriot, 56, denies any such division between himself, his staff, or Newhall for that matter: "It's not true that we're poles apart. We get along pretty damn well."

All the same, Newhall has found himself a "first-aid job." Last week he took over as editor of *San Francisco* magazine, a slick, so-far ineffectual, city monthly with 31,000 circulation.

Authentic.

This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantry Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth.

The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquility. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's
never varies**

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

A man with grey hair, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth and looking down at a newspaper he is holding with both hands. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting.

You don't cop out. Why should your cigarette?

Only new Vantage lets you give up those high 'tar' cigarettes
without asking you to cop out on flavor.



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tar
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RELIGION

No More Heresy

When Christians first began spreading their strange new doctrines in 1st century Jerusalem, Rabbi Gamaliel urged the Jews to be lenient and to avoid accusing them of heresy. If the new sect was doing God's will, he reasoned, men could not stop them (*Acts 5:34*). When Christians held power in the Middle Ages, they often ignored this common-sense approach. Heresy became an all-too-common crime punishable by all-too-painful penalties.

The Roman Catholic Church has long since abandoned cruel punishments for

Conscience and the Portfolios

Should Christian investments have a Christian conscience? For years most churches have avoided obvious immoral profit from sources such as slums and brothels, but lately they have become involved in stickier moral issues. Last week Presiding Bishop John E. Hines announced that the Episcopal Church will demand at the next General Motors stockholders meeting that the company end its operations in South Africa.

The Episcopal Church owns 12,574 shares of GM stock, only a tiny fraction of the 285,500,000 shares outstand-

ing. Though the government decrees different starting salaries for whites and non-whites, GM says that it makes up the difference in added benefits for non-whites, such as free hospitalization and lower rents. In the crunch, the company feels that it can count on stockholder support.

The Episcopalians might have better luck against the proposed copper mines. After Bishop Francisco Reus-Froylan of Puerto Rico persuaded the church to hold hearings about the project, five other denominations with extensive stock in the mining companies joined the inquiry: the American Baptist Convention, the United Methodists, the United Presbyterians, the Lutheran Church in America and the United Church of Christ. The hearings in Puerto Rico revealed cause for concern; among other things, they showed that neither government nor mining firms had made plans for relocating displaced farmers, and that no conclusive investigation of environmental hazards had been completed. The mining companies refused to participate in the church inquiry on the grounds that their negotiations with the government were confidential, but the companies' defense may come out at government hearings scheduled to begin next week.

Pope's Fault. The United Church of Christ was an even earlier pioneer in social use of its investments. In 1965 its home and foreign mission boards began to question companies whose stock they held about equal-employment policies. Since then, two General Synods of the U.C.C. have gone considerably farther. Now the church tries to help worthwhile causes, such as minority economic development, even when the return may be less than blue-chip. It opposes investments that are inconsistent with church positions on race, poverty, peace and world development.

A different approach has been used by the United Methodist Church. Its Board of Missions yanked a \$10 million investment portfolio out of First National City Bank of New York when that bank and nine others extended a \$40 million line of credit to South Africa. The women's division of the board sold \$400,000 in Dow Chemical stock to protest the "moral irresponsibility" of the company's napalm.

The Vatican, too, has been looking at its investments. Its financiers have sold most of the church's 15% interest in Italy's *Società Generale Immobiliare*, a company that made its fortune building luxury housing. The Vatican no longer intends to hold a principal interest in any company—but hardly as a method of protest. Explains one of the church's lay financial advisers in Rome: "The Vatican was getting blamed for too many things. If *Immobiliare* raised the rents, the tenants blamed the Vatican. If the water was cut off, it was the Pope's fault." To alter that image, the Vatican will now have "neither authority nor responsibility in the management of a company."



REFORMER JOHN HUS BEING BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR HERESY
Also no more electric chair.

heresy. Since the Second Vatican Council it has also been developing an even more liberal policy. Last week the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (successor to the Inquisition and the Holy Office) issued new procedures that are far more humane in handling doctrinal "error." The word heresy will no longer be used.

That does not give Catholics carte blanche. Doctrinal investigations of unorthodox theological views will continue. But now, even where opinions are clearly at variance with official teaching, the Vatican will consult the theologian in question, and his bishop, before making a decision. In difficult cases, two independent experts will be asked for opinions. The document does not mention excommunication of persistent offenders. The ultimate punishment appears to be public censure of a theologian's views or dismissal from a teaching post. As the Sacred Congregation's Monsignor Josef Tomko commented with grand metaphor: "The electric chair and gas chamber are no more."

ing. But the uphill fight is meant to be dramatic. It is one of two initial campaigns of the church's new Committee on Social Criteria for Investments, headed by Wall Street Lawyer Robert S. Potter. Another possible action, on which a report is due this week, is opposition to new open-pit mining operations in Puerto Rico by American Metal Climax and Kennecott, in which the national Episcopal Church office and local churches hold a combined \$10 million in stock.

Moving GM. Rather than establishing broad moral guidelines, the Episcopal investment committee chose to tackle issues on a case-by-case approach. Investigation of South African investments had long been mandated by the church, says Potter, and GM was an obvious target. "If you can move GM," he says, "you can move everybody." The General Motors plant at Port Elizabeth employs some 6,200 South Africans, who would be put out of work if the plant closed. Moreover, GM officials note, some 65% of the plant's employees are non-white.

After you build efficient airline, how

1927. First U.S. airline to offer international service.



Let's start at the beginning (don't go away, we'll be brief).

The beginning was 1923, when a group of visionary aviators got their hands on some rickety Navy surplus planes and set out to open the entire world to air travel. At that time the longest recorded passenger flight over water was a nervous 90 miles.

What came out of it is history. And us. The airline that opened the Caribbean in 1927. South America in 1930. The Pacific in 1935. The Atlantic in 1939. And finally, in 1942, the world. With the first airline flight ever to circle the globe.

The airlines' airline.

Now in doing all that flying we learned a few things.

We learned so much about weather and navigation that we still set the standards for our industry.

We learned so much about airplanes that we've introduced nearly every new aircraft of the last 40 years. Including the passenger ship of the 70's. The quiet, spacious Boeing 747.

By 1931 we knew so much about flying that we opened a formal training school for our crews. Their skills im-

proved so noticeably that other airlines began to ask us to train their people too. And thus we became the airline that trains other airlines.

From all this came our reputation for efficiency.

Why do we want to live it down? Mostly because a reputation for being big and efficient goes hand in hand with a reputation for being cold and impersonal. Which, we fear, may tend to keep some of you from flying with us.

And that would be a shame. For we did not build this airline for our pleasure.

We built it for your pleasure. Which means we have never overlooked the amenities that make traveling enjoyable. Like food.

When you fly you get hungry.

Back in 1929 we put flight stewards aboard and started serving meals aloft, even though it "would never work."

In 1935 we served the first hot meals aboard.

Since then our chefs have turned dining aloft into such an art that on many flights we even serve the cuisine of the country you're flying to.

At present, you can enjoy these epicurean delights on flights to England, France, Germany, Belgium/Holland, Scandinavia, Portugal and Brazil. First class and economy.

And you'll soon be able to enjoy them on our flights to the other side of the world. Over the Pacific to the Orient.

After you eat you get bored.

Today, most airlines make a big deal out of showing movies. And movies

1935. First airline to fly the Pacific.



1939. First airline over the Atlantic with mail and passenger service.



the world's most do you live it down?

are a big deal. They can make a long flight two or three hours shorter.

That's why we were showing movies 25 years ago. When nobody else was. Today, on most of our 747 flights you even get a choice of two for the standard \$2.50. Current or classic.

After the movie, we'll put you to sleep. With music especially selected and arranged for that purpose.

Or if you prefer to relax without sleeping there are as many as eight other channels to listen to.

If you're traveling with children you can breathe a sigh of relief because we have a channel for them too. Along with a progressive rock channel for teenagers.

Of course, you may wish to be left alone with just a blanket and a pillow and a drink and a magazine. If so, you will be. That's part of our service too.

Once you get where you're going you sometimes wonder where you are.

One of the great frustrations of travel is to be standing right in the middle of an historic city like Rome not knowing which eternal wonder lies where. Yet knowing your vacation hours are slipping by.

We have a number of ways to beat this problem no matter what city (or village or valley) you're standing in. They're called tours.

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Or you may not want a tour at all. But still may want our advice on what to wear,

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And as you travel don't hesitate to drop in at any of our 236 offices throughout the world. We're there to answer questions, to help, to be your home away from home no matter where in the world you travel.

Now that you know what we're like, wouldn't you like to know where we go?

Good. Because we go just about everywhere.

Europe, the Near East, Africa, South America, the Caribbean, Hawaii, the South Pacific, Japan, Around The World. 122 cities in 82 lands on all six continents. And we fly from 16 cities across the United States.

But one last comment. Of all our accomplishments to date, we have yet to mention the one that makes us feel best. Our success in lowering fares.

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1971. Now serving 122 cities in 82 lands on all six continents.



THE THEATER

Programming Pavlov's Pups

Certain shows incite conditioned-reflex laughter. A quip rings a bell on stage, or a performer twitches a facial muscle, and the audience laughs, in much the same way that Pavlov's dogs salivated. The playgoer has been given nothing in the way of genuine comic nourishment. He has merely been cajoled into an empty-bellied laugh.

That's the way it is with *Four on a Garden*. All comedy is human comedy. One must be able to sympathize, recognize or identify with the person or the situation behind the gag. That was true in *Cactus Flower*, where one wanted the prim moth of a nurse to be transformed into a seductive butterfly. It was also true in *Forty Carats*, where one somehow cared whether or not the 40-year-old matron became the bride of her ardent 22-year-old lover.

Not the stuff of enduring or brilliant comedy, admittedly, but each a far, far better thing than Abe Burrows has done this time around in substantially reworking *Garden* from Barillet and Gredy, the original French authors of all three plays. Here are four different sex kits pasted together, each starring Carol Channing and Sid Caesar. In one, Caesar is a house painter and Channing a monied, molting society lovebird who is having the apartment redone for her cynical young lover. Guess who gets to use the bed? In another kit Caesar is a gamy garment-district mogul who sweeps Channing off the dance floor at Rose-land. Since both are in their 70s, desire exceeds potency, and the two compromise on an antiquarian verbal waltz.

This pair of samples indicates the prevailing tone of the evening, which is self-consciously "naughty" and as torpidly old-fashioned as a smirk. Channing and

Caesar are the consolation prizes, and they could use a little consoling themselves—say a sudden revival of *Hello, Dolly!* or something with the truly masterly zaniness of Caesar's salad days?

■ T.E. Kalem

The Hangman God

An excitingly talented British playwright, Peter Barnes, 40, has appeared on the transatlantic scene. His first play, *The Ruling Class*, is having its U.S. premiere in the handsome 500-seat Kreeger Theater that is making its own debut as part of Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage. Encountering Barnes is somewhat like fencing in a Noel Coward drawing room while seething with the stomach-pit anger of the early John Osborne, and then leaving the room for a short session in the late Joe Orton's black-comic vomitorium. What remains as the distinguishing mark of Barnes himself? An exuberantly antic disposition, for one thing, plus schoolboy zest and schoolboy humor—which, in the British, seem to last for a lifetime. Perhaps a more significant trait is that he is a painter's playwright, a man with a gift for bringing images to vivid life on the stage.

Consider the prologue. After a hard gray day dispensing law from the bench, the 13th Earl of Gurney likes to indulge in a kinky pick-me-up. He has his valet bring him a step stool and orders him to slip a silk hangman's noose over a beam of his stately home. The valet departs. The earl strips down to his long underwear, dons a tricornered cocked hat, buckles on a sword, and struggles into a white ballet tutu. He mounts the stool, puts his head in the noose, and steps off. He twitches there, gasping hoarsely, neck muscles bulging red.

It is not the end. With a desperate little back jump, his feet regain the stool. The earl's face is bleary with ecstasy. He speaks in a kind of Nirvana rasp, and we get the full inebriant impact of Barnes' imagistic powers: "Touched him, saw her, towers of death and silence, angels of fire and ice, Saw Alexander covered with honey and beeswax in his tomb and felt the flowers growing over me. A man must have his visions. How else could an English judge and peer of the realm take moonlight trips to Marrakesh and Ponders End? See six vestal virgins smoking cigars? Moses in bedroom slippers? Naked bosoms floating past Formosa? Desperate diseases need desperate remedies. Just time for a quick one. [Puts his head back in the noose.] Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. There's plenty of time to win this game, and thrash the Spaniards too. [Draws his sword.] Form squares, men! Smash the Mahdi, and Binnie Barnes!"

With a lustful gurgle, he steps off—and inadvertently knocks over the step stool. This time, it is the end for the 13th Earl of Gurney. Mind you,



THE 13TH EARL HANGING HIMSELF

A sure sign of the revved-up

this has occurred in less than five minutes after the curtain has gone up, a sure sign of the revved-up authority of a born playwright. Understandably, Barnes cannot maintain this pace for the rest of the evening, but unlike many new playwrights, he does not suffer from plot anemia. It is impossible to retrace all of the narrative twists and turns, and unsuitable to bare the many surprises of a play that is almost surely destined for wide regional theater performance and, inevitably, a future New York showing.

Ruler of the Universe. In barest outline, the play proper concerns itself with two themes. One is a lambasting of the British upper class. This is fast, funny, furious and unrelenting, but it is scarcely fresh, since Osborne began doing it 15 years ago in *Look Back in Anger*.

On a more intriguing level, the work deals with the God of the Old and New Testaments, that is, the ruling order of the universe as apart from, though sometimes ironically similar to, Britain's ruling class. The young and appealing 14th Earl of Gurney, acted with keenly perceptive skill and presence by Douglas Rain, turns out to be far badder than the 13th earl. He believes that he is God. This irritates the bejested out of his relatives. They trick him into a marriage to sire a 15th earl, after which they plan to commit the 14th earl to an asylum. But an officious psychiatrist insists that he can cure the 14th earl by confronting him with the "true" God, a mad Scot with his eyes and his rrrrrrrrr in a fine frenzy rolling. The cure is splendid theater, and it is right out of Pirandello's *Henry IV*, where the madman-hero claims he is a medieval emperor and is similarly confronted with "reality."

What about reality, that eternal after of drama? In the first act, dressed and behaving in hippie fashion, the 14th earl is the Jesus figure of the New Testament, the God of love and redemptive grace. He is figuratively crucified. His "cure" takes place on an actual cross.



CAESAR & CHANNING IN "GARDEN"
Desire exceeds potency.



THE 14TH EARL AS GOD

authority of a born playwright.

In the second act, he becomes the God of the Old Testament, who rules by law, by the book, by the doctrine of an eye for an eye, a life for a life. To Barnes, this is the law of the gibbet, in which the hangman is the cornerstone of a sound society. This is God as a wrathful Jack the Ripper, and acting as that dominion and that power, the 14th earl disembowels the two women who love him the most. Noose and knife, a circle of doom. Barnes has seamlessly linked his idea content—law, love, the ruling and murder—with coruscating imagery.

■ T.E.K.

Godot Revisited

Let's take a deep deep breath and then say it. As a dramatist, Samuel Beckett can be, and frequently is, a crashing bore. His world-renowned play *Waiting for Godot* has been called a masterpiece so repeatedly that any revival of it seems to come gift-wrapped in its exalted reputation. In the canon of dramatic literature, *Godot* is an original stunt, a clever game, but no masterpiece. It has spoken to the inner spirit of an age that is anti-heroic, narcissistic, self-pitying, and prone to believe that man's journey through life is a pointless shuttle from nothing to nowhere. When that view of man alters, the vogue for Beckett will end. And the view will alter, for man has never gone through any extended period of history with such a dim, stunted opinion of himself and his destiny. During failures of nerve, men are simply catching their breath for the next onslaught on fate.

This is not to deny that Beckett is an extremely fine and sensitive writer who has distilled his private anguish into prose poetry. His novels may well prove durable. In drama, he is the apostle of anti-theater. Theater is concrete. Beckett tries to make it abstract. Theater is visceral. Beckett is cerebral. Drama is the imitation of action. Beckett dotes on stasis, anti-action.

"Less is more," Mies van der Rohe said, and even the architects are beginning to doubt it. In the theater less is less—and less, and less. The Age of Cool is a blight to the theater. Drama was born to be larger, more vivid and more intense than life. Beckett tells us that life is a drab, attenuated prelude to death. The vaudeville japes of the two tramps Didi and Gogo in *Godot* are supposedly the ways in which we all kill time before time kills us.

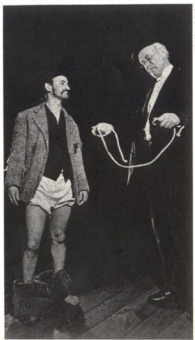
Cosmic Longings. Beckett is a defrauded priest, a God-intoxicated man who has joined some celestial A.A. If God did exist, Beckett would have to un-vent him so that he could carry on his distinctly Irish ritual, the wake. All of Beckett's plays are wakes for God. His desperate cosmic longings are deeply felt; but prolonged mourning, like anything else, does grow tedious. That is why Beckett is best in small doses. A brief cloudburst of tears like the one-acter, *Krapp's Last Tape*, is morosely refreshing, but a full-length downpour like *Godot* leaves one in a state of nihilistic depression.

The limits of the play are clear precisely because the current off-Broadway revival is as good as one can legitimately imagine. Man's parlous state on this spinning planet is beautifully rendered by Henderson Forsythe's Vladimir and Paul B. Price's Estragon. As the slave Lucky, Anthony Holland mimes with the aching dignity of a Marceau, though his master, Pozzo (Edward Winter) is a shade too Blimpish. This is Alan Schneider's finest piece of directing since *Virginité Woolf*—sentient, taut, sharp as the image in a jeweler's glass.

The faults lie in the play. Mallarmé said that a poet "is a man who seeks solitude in order to sculpture his own tomb." *Waiting for Godot* is Beckett's tomb. Need it necessarily be ours?

■ T.E.K.

PRICE & FORSYTHE IN "GODOT"



MILESTONES

Died. Debs Myers, 59, onetime newspaperman and public relations expert who served such political figures as Robert F. Wagner, Robert F. Kennedy and Adlai E. Stevenson; of hepatitis; in New Haven, Conn. A onetime managing editor of *Newsweek*, Myers had a genius for helping politicians help themselves, or, as he put it, "the ability to turn lemons into lemonade." He insisted that "the best public relations in government is good government."

Died. Armand G. Erpf, 73, Wall Street financier and art patron; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. A senior partner in the investment house of Loeb, Rhoades & Co., Erpf was the driving force behind what is now the \$183 million Metromedia organization, planned the expansion of Crowell-Collier that ballooned sales from \$29 million to \$220 million in a decade, made the financial arrangements for the transition of the Sunday supplement from the defunct New York *Herald Tribune* into *New York* magazine. Well known as an art patron, his own collection ranged from ancient Chinese snuff bottles to avant-garde moderns; one of his latest projects was the construction of a 1,680-ft. stone maze ("a symbol in a world that doesn't know where it's going") on his Arkville, N.Y., estate. Married and divorced at an early age, Erpf waited until he was in his late 60s before taking a second wife, Sue Stuart Mortimore, a New York artist some 30 years his junior, whom he secretly wed in Italy in 1965 and who bore him two children before they finally announced their marriage three years later.

Died. Dr. Brock Chisholm, 74, controversial Canadian psychiatrist who from 1948 to 1953 served as director general of the World Health Organization; of pneumonia; in Victoria, B.C. Chisholm was one of the first to warn that world population growth could eventually outstrip food supplies unless there was global family planning. Best known for his attacks on what he regarded as society's sillier ideas, he stirred a furor by arguing that any child encouraged to believe in Santa Claus has his ability to think permanently injured. On superstition: "There is hardly a hotel in New York that has a floor numbered 13," said Chisholm. "The implications of this are enormous and disturbing, and nobody is doing anything about it."

Died. Matyas Rakosi, 78, Hungarian Communist leader during the 1940s and '50s; in Gorky, U.S.S.R. A ruthless Stalinist, Rakosi was known and hated for his brutal skill in disposing of opponents. After Stalin's death, Rakosi sickly adjusted to the new line. He remained in power until 1956, was forced to resign, and just before the Hungarian uprising, fled to the Soviet Union.



OXYGEN, SECRET POTION, STEAMBATH & WHIRLPOOL AT HANGOVER HEAVEN

MODERN LIVING

Heavenly Cure

When the "morning after" rolls around, many an overachieving boozier prays for a hangover cure. Now there is a new answer to that prayer: Hangover Heaven. That is the name of a unique establishment opened in Atlanta by Chiropractor Erl P. Harris. In it, says Harris, any sufferer can cure his hangover for a mere \$15, plus a routine \$5 tip to an attending angel.

Intensive Care. It all began, according to Harris, "more as a joke than anything else." After pondering the plight of hangover victims, Harris last year took over an abandoned medical laboratory next to his clinic. He installed a whirlpool bath and a steam cabinet and set up treatment rooms with such names as Heavenly Gates No. 1, Heavenly Gates No. 2, and Intensive Care. Then he hired a host of angels, or hostesses, and passed out cards. Hangover Heaven has been overcrowded ever since.

On entering, each sinner is met by a hostess who offers a strictly proper degree of sympathy. First, she gives the sufferer a snort of oxygen and a secret concoction. "My chemistry's right," Harris says. "The drinks just replace in the system what's been depleted by the alcohol." Then the patient steams a while, undergoes a whirlpool bath, downs a second concoction and, according to Harris, that does it. "I can cure a hangover in ten minutes," he claims, "but with the sympathy, it takes from 30 to 45."

Some heavy drinkers have taken to booking appointments in advance, anticipating trouble after parties or holidays. The clinic's busiest days are Sunday and Monday. Clients (30% of whom are women) are enthusiastic: "It really works," says Mrs. Billie Clarke of Atlanta. "The first time I went in there I would have paid for a mercy killing. Cost is no object—thank goodness there's something for relief for us drunks."

Before going into business, Harris foresightedly patented the recipe for his special bracers and trademarked the clinic's name. Now he is building a second Hangover Heaven in downtown Atlanta and negotiating for an airport site. He also is planning spots in such hangover-producing cities as New Orleans, St. Louis, Las Vegas and Miami.

Yves St. Debacle

A fashion writer's role, traditionally, is to lend a bit of tone to what otherwise might be a confusing free-for-all—namely, the Paris showings. As critiques of the latest fiasco boiled up last week, however, it was apparent that the fashion press had run totally out of patience with wispy Yves St. Laurent, long the sweetheart of *haute couture*.

Among his harsh critics was Eugenia Sheppard. "What a relief," she confided to her New York *Post* readers, "to write at last that a fashion collection is frankly, definitely and completely hideous." Chimed in the *Guardian's* Alison Adburgham: "A tour de force of bad taste . . . nothing could exceed the horror of this exercise in kitsch." The *Daily Telegraph*: "Nauseating"; *France-Soir*: "A great farce"; *Le Figaro*: "Un long gag." *Women's Wear Daily*, once Yves's leading fan, called his work "poor" and urged him to "shake off the weirdo and kooky influences." Others blamed Good Chum Andy Warhol for the campier aspects of Yves's latest line. *WWD* nevertheless sought an interview with its victim. Fat chance. "You haven't tried to understand Yves," a St. Laurent spokesman pouted, turning down the request. "You are trying to de-

stroy Yves . . . you've broken the windows."

St. Laurent's styles, in fact, brought back uncomfortable memories of the darkest fashion days of the '40s. Broad-shouldered jackets, high-heeled wedgies, chunky chubby coats and short skirts added up to a look variously characterized as raucous, trampy or harlotish. As his models clunked past the wide-eyed buyers, there were audible gasps.

St. Laurent could take some solace from the fact that few of his fellow couturiers fared well either. "I'm not going to waste my time and money in Paris on *haute couture* any more," a New York buyer said. Did this year's showing mark the demise of Paris as a center of high fashion? New York's Jacques Tiffau put it this way: "I feel that Paris has been finished for about three years. There is no longer a leader. It is out of fashion to be fashionable."

The Paris satchems themselves, busy with other lucrative pursuits, merely shrugged off the criticism. Courrèges has dropped *couture* and is concentrating on boutiques; Cardin, already into men's wear, is now designing plumbing and chocolate boxes and playing with his own theater. St. Laurent is creating men's clothes—and sheets and towels too. In fact, Yves will soon be owned frock, shirt and shoulders by Squibb Beech-Nut, Inc.—and may well be designing gum wrappers in a few years.

PLEATED SKIRT



'40s JACKET




CUTOUT BODICE



BROAD SHOULDERS



A man in a cowboy hat and a brown jacket with a fur collar is riding a dark horse through a snowy field. He is looking off to the side and has a cigarette in his mouth. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with snow-covered ground and distant hills.

Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—you get a lot to like.

CINEMA

The Pyramid Climber

"It's a sorry sight to see the English at their pleasures," observes an Irish Liverpudlian in *The Reckoning*. Sorrier still it is to see the dislocated Hibernians at theirs. For the ancients, there is the public house where they undergo the peculiar process Yeats called "withering into truth." For the film's protagonist, Michael Marler (Nicol Williamson), there is London pyramid climbing—ascending corporate strata by using the bow-and-scraper to superiors and the knee-in-groin against competitors.

Smarmy beggar, this Marler; one would walk a block out of one's way to cut him dead. Put him down in a maze or a sewer and he would run as hard. Michael's social self is pathological. With colleagues, he does not talk, he connives. As for women—including his mistress Rachel Roberts—he never makes love with them but at them. Even his father's death elicits a distorted reaction. The old man has been beaten by a Liverpool Teddy boy. The Irish cronies, suddenly repossessed by memories of the Black and Tans, keen for revenge. Marler coshes the killer with such sadistic delight that the viewer wonders whether the revenge is pure, or mere self-satisfaction.



WILLIAMSON & ROBERTS IN "RECKONING"
Memories of the Black and Tans.

Can such a man literally get away with murder? He can—and he also makes a good deal of money and a good many women in the process. *The Reckoning* offers no consolation and no solution. Williamson, however, does. For this remarkable performer always carries with him a moral force.

Armed only with the script's Vance Packard sociology and minor motivation, he thrusts at the viewer an organization man without his bowler, his brolly—or his skin. Raised in the blackened sidestreets of Liverpool, Marler, the former Jesuit novice, has created a future by annihilating his past. But his past is overwhelming, an overpowering part of himself.

Now he cannot even carry a tune or complete a prayer. But, Williamson demonstrates, the attributes of his youth are linked like traits in a gene. Denying one, he has denied them all: poverty, humanity, lyricism, grace. The boy whose father could not find work now cannot find joy. His sooty origins have become as nothing in the putrefaction of his workdays. That is the master actor's detailed and tragic interpretation, the only justification needed to see the film at all.

■ Stefan Kanfer

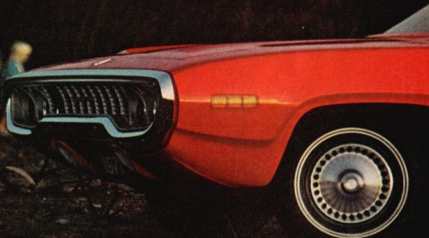
Predictable Embarrassment

Puzzle of a Downfall Child is the one about the agonies of a high-fashion model. Played as unregenerate soap opera—like *Doctors' Wives*, for example (see following story)—it might have been diverting enough. But Director Jerry Schatzberg, Scenarist Adrien Joyce and Star Faye Dunaway are resolutely serious about every single moment, and the result is embarrassment. Miss Dunaway plays (quite badly) a manic fash-

Plymouth Satellite:

"Plymouth Satellite is our choice for '71 U.S. Car of the Year," writes Road Test. "It pioneers in fact a concept that others have accepted in principle but not produced. The concept is that the two basic body styles (sedan and coupe) demand totally individual structural engineering and styling.

"The separate packaging of coupes and sedans originated within Plymouth. It was carried to completion without the usual compromises between concept and sheetmetal reality. '71 Satellite represents a basic step forward in modern automotive design . . ."



ion mannequin named Lou Andreas Sand, whose beauty and psyche crumble under the assorted and predictable pressures of the Big Time in New York. Even her language becomes stylized and stilted.

Miss Joyce (who also wrote *Five Easy Pieces*) has a good ear for regional nuances of speech but an unpleasant affinity for glib denouements. Schatzberg betrays his origins as a fashion photographer and commercial director in every fussy shot in the film. Each separate sequence has all the elaborate, artificial, deadening care lavished on it that Schatzberg might have employed on a true-to-life, 30-second TV spot for Gainesburgers.

■ Jay Cocks

Scalpel Job

By most standards, *Doctors' Wives* is a terrible movie. This does not prevent it, however, from being fun. In fact, it is an enormously entertaining slab of Hollywood kitsch because of, not despite, its outrageous plot turns, its hyperthyroid acting and its determination to out-sex and out-suds even the seamiest TV soap opera. It is an example of assembly-line, big-studio moviemaking at its grotesque best.

The sharp and frequently funny scenario is by Daniel Taradash, who cannily undercuts the elephantine melodramatics of Frank G. Slaughter's origi-

nal novel with some fleet and biting dialogue of his own. He and Director George Schaefer let audiences know they are not quite serious. The story concerns itself with the sordid vagaries of a small group of California physicians and their spouses. The husbands have their mistresses, the wives their lovers, and both share a set of suburban hang-ups that would stagger the late Grace Metalious. The game of musical beds ends when one of the doctors finds his wife (Dyan Cannon) in bed with a colleague (George Gaynes). With somewhat more glee than is usual on such occasions, he shoots them both with a single bullet. The ensuing scandal threatens the philandering physicians and the large private clinic they operate when they are not busy bedding nurses, students or any female under the qualifying age for Medicare.

The large cast is uniformly good, and they seem to be having a good time with their roles. Particularly enjoyable are Janice Rule, who writhes prettily on a fluffy bedroom rug trying to get her bored husband (Richard Crenna) to give her a tumble; Carroll O'Connor and Cara Williams, whose fractured marriage, at film's end, seems destined to survive some severe bouts of alcoholism; and John Colicos as the homicidally inclined brain surgeon who provides one of the nicest pieces of sneering screen villainy since Richard Wid-



CANNON (RIGHT) & WIVES
Two lovers with a single bullet.

mark pushed the old lady down the stairs in *Kiss of Death*.

Doctors' Wives may wallow in vulgarity. But no recent American movie has been quite so straightforwardly gross—or, for that matter, so soapishly entertaining.

■ J.C.

"U.S. Car of the Year."

—Road Test magazine.

Other benefits cited: "A Satellite coupe gives 1.8" more leg room in the rear than a comparable Chevelle and the gain in one sedan over the other is .8" . . . Though the differences may not seem great, they can spell the difference between comfort and discomfort."

Satellite is America's lowest-priced 2-door intermediate.* Which helps to make the "Car of the Year" the buy of the year, too.



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EDUCATION

The Mellowing of a President

Notre Dame's President Theodore M. Hesburgh has come a long way since 1969, when he blasted campus disruptions in a famous letter to his students at the nation's best-known Roman Catholic university. Anyone substituting "force for rational persuasion," wrote Father Hesburgh, would be entitled to 15 minutes of "meditation," followed by suspension. Most Americans cheered those words, but their tone caused Hesburgh much trouble. Hard-liners miscast him as their hero; many of the young reviled him. Yet now his image is quite different: he has emerged as a kind of Catholic Kingman Brewster who is so

boards and committees and as outspoken head of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. A biting student joke asked: "What's the difference between God and Father Hesburgh? God is everywhere and Hesburgh is everywhere but Notre Dame."

In 1969 the student government condemned Hesburgh; the American Association of University Professors, which had been considering him for its annual academic freedom award, dropped him from the competition. Though his board stoutly backed him, he recalls, "I had the feeling the students were slipping away. I'm not sure they understood me or I understood them." When Hesburgh walked across the campus, some

Hesburgh has changed his mind on other things as well. In 1967 he vowed that "Notre Dame will not have its undergraduates making policy decisions"; today undergraduates sit on virtually every university committee, usually with voting power. In 1968, Hesburgh proclaimed that he would expel 1,000 students before permitting girls to visit in the dorms; a year later, he accepted a student-faculty committee recommendation to allow limited visits. Paradoxically, he pleased old grads by letting the football team play in postseason bowl games—but chiefly because the \$200,000 income could be used to finance scholarships for blacks and Spanish-speaking students. In the past six months, he has shed five of his off-campus jobs. Last year the A.A.U.P. reconsidered and gave him that academic freedom award.

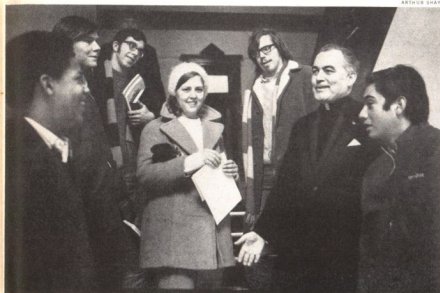
Necrology List. TIME Correspondent Robert Anson (Notre Dame, '67) often interviewed Hesburgh as an undergraduate journalist; recently he revisited Hesburgh's study and found "an almost existential change in the man. The conversation is easier, more reflective, more open to other points of view. He seems genuinely at peace with himself. The students no longer talk about getting rid of Hesburgh but about whether anyone will be good enough to replace him."

One measure of Hesburgh's success is that he retains his 15-minute rule for violent protesters—and is respected for it. At a time when the average tenure of college presidents has slipped to 4½ years, Hesburgh keeps a "necrology list" of the leading casualties as a reminder of how they fell, for lack of either strength or understanding. Now 53 and in his 19th year in charge of Notre Dame, he may well have discovered how to avoid their errors.

The Aging of the Greening

Generation gap, step aside for the "education gap." According to a study based on the census and released last week, the chief reason for conflict between parents and children may well be their sharply changing exposures to learning. The proportion of young adults with high school diplomas has risen from 38% in 1940 to 75% today; those with one or more years of college have increased from 13% to 31%, and college-degree holders have almost tripled, from 6% to 16%. By contrast, the fathers of nearly two-thirds of today's college students did not go beyond high school.

Even so, the older generation may find comfort in the fact that all those dire predictions of a day when half the population will be under 25 are not coming true. Though Americans aged 14 to 24 now constitute 20% of the population, the birth rate is falling. As a result, the nation's median age is expected to rise from 27.6 to 30 in the next 15 years. The people most likely to achieve mutual understanding, says University of Michigan Sociologist Theodore Newcomb, are "the educated young and the educated old."



HESBURGH WITH NOTRE DAME STUDENTS
From hard-line hero to a Catholic Brewster.

popular among his students that Notre Dame may well be among the nation's most disruption-proof major campuses.

Hesburgh has not abandoned his distaste for violence. Amid the new campus calm, however, he has shifted his target from student radicalism to the Administration's war policy. The shift has transformed him.

No Handshakes. Soon after his 1969 ultimatum, Hesburgh hit his Notre Dame nadir. The worst of it was the anger of liberal students and teachers who had flocked to Notre Dame because of Hesburgh's insistence that the university combine intellectual freedom with its prayers and football. Many viewed his ultimatum as an attack on academic freedom, not a defense of it.

They were quite wrong. But in another sense, so was he. Hesburgh had, in fact, lost touch with his campus, mainly because of his own voracious involvement with "relevant" social problems as a member of 23 off-campus

students sullenly refused to shake his outstretched hand.

Hesburgh was clearly a victim of both academic and youthful intolerance. But he showed greater understanding than his detractors. After brooding about the draft, for example, he concluded that "the only kind of patriotism the Government was talking about was going overseas and killing people. The thing keeps gnawing at you." Last spring's Cambodian incursion and student deaths at Kent State and Jackson State brought fresh indignation. When the Notre Dame campus boiled up, the main speaker at a massive protest rally was not the local S.D.S. head but Hesburgh. In a sermon a week later, he told his campus congregation that an Administration that continued the war was composed of "mental midgets." Notre Dame students hung back from violence, circulated Hesburgh's speech to more than 80,000 townspeople and got 26,000 citizens to sign petitions endorsing it.

BUSINESS



HAUGHTON



L-1011 AIRBUS TAKING OFF



PACKARD

Lockheed's Rough Ride with Rolls-Royce

LOCKHEED Aircraft Corp., a pioneer in plane building and long the biggest U.S. defense contractor, has gained fame through its Constellation and Electra aircraft, its Polaris and Poseidon missiles, its U-2 spy plane. Rolls-Royce Ltd. has become one of Britain's brightest industrial ornaments by making the most luxurious cars in the world, as well as engines for the Concorde supersonic jet, nearly every plane in the Royal Air Force, and rocket and diesel motors for road, rail and water transport in more than 100 countries. Last week those two storied giants threatened to push each other into a spectacular transatlantic financial collapse. Their plight was the result of inflation, management errors, soaring ambitions that were frustrated and the difficulties of taming a technology that is growing increasingly complex and costly.

The agent of trouble was that symbol of technology, the jet engine. In 1968 Rolls-Royce won an international competition to build the engines for the Lockheed L-1011 airbus, a 256-passenger trijet that is supposed to start flying for TWA and Eastern late this fall. Britons had hailed the contract award as a triumph of export salesmanship by Rolls, but it proved instead to be ruinous. Rolls agreed to deliver 540 engines for the "TriStar" at a fixed price of \$156 million; by last November it had concluded that the cost of building them would be more than twice that. It asked the British government for help and got some loans, but not enough. Last week Rolls declared itself virtually broke and estimated that losses on the contract could exceed its entire tangible net worth of \$456 million. After a series of emergency Cabinet meetings at 10 Downing Street, the British government decided to let shareholders appoint a receiver for Rolls. To its extreme embarrassment, the Tory government intends to introduce legislation this week that would nationalize all of Rolls except the auto and oil-engine divisions. Production of the cars will continue, though possibly under a change of ownership; Britain's Jensen Motors Ltd. is likely to bid to buy the prof-

itable car division. A U.S. Cabinet member told TIME that the nationalized Rolls-Royce would continue building engines for Lockheed. But British officials declared emphatically that a state-run Rolls would make no more jet engines under the "impossible" Lockheed contract (Lockheed so far has received only 13). These officials said that the possibility of satisfactorily renegotiating the contract was only "a long shot."

Lockheed Chairman Daniel Haughton pronounced himself "completely surprised and appalled." Well might he be; Lockheed, too, is in precarious financial shape, and had been counting mightily on the L-1011 to help it recover from a series of staggering losses on military contracts. That will hardly be possible if the airbus becomes a plane without engines.

Losing Winner. The engine crisis climaxed a week in which Lockheed set a corporate speed record for careening between dangers. Only 72 hours before the Rolls debacle, Lockheed had escaped a threat of bankruptcy by settling an old contract dispute with the Pentagon—at the price of agreeing to take a \$240 million loss on the C-5A cargo planes that it is building for the Air Force. The settlement came only a month before Lockheed was due to run out of the money needed to keep its military production lines going.

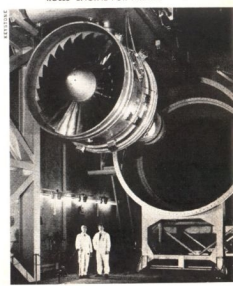
Ironically, Lockheed fell into the spin by "winning" the same sort of fixed-price pact that it later offered to Rolls-Royce. In 1965, it outbid Boeing and Douglas Aircraft (now part of McDonnell Douglas) for the contract to build the C-5A, the world's largest plane. The award was the first under a Pentagon policy, since abandoned, called "total package procurement" (TPP). It called for a manufacturer to do all the research, development and production for a major project at a price that could not exceed a certain ceiling. The idea was to reward the contractor who kept costs down by allowing him a large profit, and penalize the inefficient contractor by making him take a loss. The complex contracts also had clauses that were supposed to guard against

windfall profits or catastrophic losses.

Lockheed agreed to produce up to 115 C-5As for a ceiling price of \$2.3 billion. That turned out to be a severe miscalculation. The Viet Nam War increased demands on the aerospace industry so much that Lockheed had difficulty getting parts from suppliers. Inflation raised the price of everything. Lockheed found that in order to keep the plane's weight within Air Force requirements it had to use costly stainless steel, titanium and beryllium in place of cheaper plain steel and aluminum. Its planners also had overlooked such details as the fact that the C-5A's tail is six stories tall, and workers use up many costly man-hours just climbing down to the bathrooms. The plane turned out to be a technological triumph but a financial fiasco. In the mid-1960s Lockheed had been flying high, with three straight years of profits over \$50 million, but by early 1970 Chairman Haughton informed the Pentagon that C-5A costs were busting Lockheed. His pleas for relief touched off a long dispute about who should pay how much of the cost overruns.

Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard last month offered Lockheed two choices: accept a fixed loss of \$200 million, or fight the matter out in the

ROLLS' ENGINE FOR TRISTAR



courts. Haughton first chose to fight, expecting that Lockheed meanwhile would keep getting production money from the Pentagon; Congress had voted \$200 million to keep Lockheed running. Two weeks ago, Packard withdrew the offer and delivered a virtual ultimatum. He notified Haughton that the Pentagon could find "no precedent" for making any payments on a contract under litigation. If the dispute dragged on, that meant a cutoff of Washington money—and bankruptcy for Lockheed.

Last week Haughton capitulated. Lockheed and the Pentagon expect to sign a renegotiated contract that will be a cost-plus deal—or really cost-minus. Essentially, the Government will pay Lockheed whatever is needed to complete production of 81 planes (current estimate is \$3.7 billion). In return, Lockheed will refund \$200 million, accepting that as a fixed loss. Lockheed has already written off \$100 million of that as production costs for which it will not be reimbursed; it will pay the second \$100 million in annual installments of \$10 million, or 10% of pretax profits, whichever is greater, beginning in 1974. In addition, Lockheed will have to swallow "unallowed" costs, such as interest on funds that it borrowed to keep C-5A production going. The company estimates these costs at \$40 million.

The C-5A deal will bring to \$480 million Lockheed's total loss on four defense projects. The other three are the Cheyenne helicopter, the SRAM air-to-ground missile and nine Navy ship contracts. Lockheed had posted profits of \$10.3 million for the first nine months of 1970 but will wind up reporting a full-year deficit of \$80 million on sales of about \$2 billion.

Continuing Cliffhanger. Despite the huge losses, Lockheed at midweek appeared to have escaped with a whole skin. For one thing, it expected to conclude within a month an agreement to borrow \$600 million from 24 banks and three airlines to finance production of the L-1011 airbus. The banks had been holding up the credit to see how Lockheed made out in its negotiations with the Pentagon. Then the Rolls-Royce collapse turned everything upside down again.

Conceivably, Lockheed could buy engines for the L-1011 from either General Electric or Pratt & Whitney. But redesigning the plane for a different engine would cost so much time and money that Lockheed might be conceding an insurmountable competitive lead to McDonnell Douglas, maker of the DC-10 airbus. Eastern Air Lines announced last week that it is "exploring other options" to the L-1011; they include making fuller use of present equipment or buying DC-10s instead of the Lockheed TriStar. Moreover, Lockheed's bankers will hardly be eager to finance the L-1011 until the company can find some engines to put in the plane.

The Nixon Administration decided months ago that it could not permit a

Lockheed bankruptcy. Such a failure would shake the company's 55,000 shareholders and 85,000 employees, its bankers, thousands of subcontractors that supply Lockheed and the economies of California and Georgia, where Lockheed production is concentrated. Washington will hardly be in a mood to let the British government force that disaster by reneging on the engine contract—and the U.S. does not lack clout in negotiating with London. For Lockheed and the governments of two old allies, the story promises to be a cliffhanger for months.

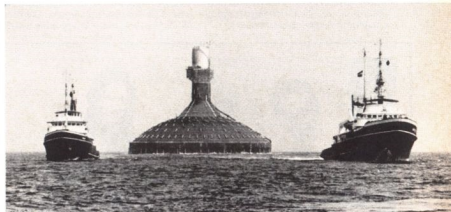
OIL

The Desert Foxes

For weeks, a score of Western petroleum companies have been fencing with the ten members of the Organization of Oil Producing Countries (OPEC) over the question of higher payments. Inspired by Libya's left-wing revolutionary government, the OPEC countries* have abandoned old political rivalries and joined to squeeze the oil companies—most of them American. At every opportunity, the countries have

oil. But after the Suez Canal was closed in 1967 and the Trans-Arabian Pipeline was ruptured for eight months, demand for space in tankers rocketed and distance from markets became crucial. OPEC members, many of which are a short trip by tanker from the heart of Europe, sense that power is now in their hands, and they are taking advantage of the turnaround to settle some old scores. They argue that posted prices—the generally static figures on which their share is based—were imposed on them by the West decades ago, when oil was not as much in demand as it is today. They note with irritation that, while a barrel of crude in Western Europe yields an average of \$8 in the marketplace, they get only about \$1 out of it. The rest goes into production, transport, refining and marketing costs (\$3), oil-company profits (\$50¢) and taxes collected by the consuming countries (\$3.50). Even more infuriating to the predominantly Arab group is that the oil-consuming governments of the West have largely favored the Israeli cause.

It is unlikely that the producers will go so far as to halt output. Most OPEC



CONTINENTAL OIL'S GIANT UNDERWATER STORAGE TANK IN PERSIAN GULF
A squeeze to settle old scores.

threatened to cut their customers off without a drop, thus depriving Western Europe of 85% of its oil, Japan of 91% and the U.S. of 18%. Last week talks between the companies and six Persian Gulf members of OPEC broke down, precipitating the most serious international oil scare in years. Western government and oil-company officials nervously pored over refinery records, maps of tanker routes and intelligence reports from their agents afield to determine how much oil they had on hand—and where they could get more.

There has been a fundamental change in the oil business. Companies used to be able to play off one country against the other by shopping around for their

members depend on a steady flow of oil wealth to finance frenetic development programs.

When the talks foundered last week, the two sides were far apart. The average posted price of crude is \$1.79 per bbl. The companies offered an increase of 27¢ in 1971, rising to 43¢ by 1975, but OPEC demanded an immediate 49¢, rising to 87¢. The Shah of Iran has announced that on Feb. 15 all ten countries will raise the prices, take it or leave it. The companies will probably take something close to that and then pass most of the rise to the consumer. Indeed, company executives at week's end were beginning to prepare public opinion for the inflationary blow of higher prices. Some oilmen noted that there was a measure of justice in the OPEC position and that, at worst, the immediate price hike may amount to only 2¢ per gal. at the gasoline

* The members, in order of output, are Venezuela, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya, Iraq, Algeria, Indonesia, Abu Dhabi and Qatar.

pump. But the international consequences would be enormous. A package of increases starting at 30¢, which many oilmen believe is a reasonable compromise, would lead to an additional payment of about \$9 billion over the next five years to the Gulf countries alone. That would damage the payments balances of all the oil-importing countries, especially developing nations that are poor in both money and oil, like India and Ghana.

The oil users might curse their dependence on the OPEC countries, but nowhere else can they find oil so cheap and accessible. Alaska's reserves are no more than 10% as large as those of the Mideast, and North Slope oil will not be on the market until 1974 at the earliest. The amount of oil trapped in shale in the Rocky Mountains could match the treasures of the OPEC countries, but it would require an investment of billions to extract. Nuclear power has not yet realized its early promise.

Still, OPEC's new militance will spur the consuming countries to develop new supplies of energy from all those sources. The U.S. is likely to take steps to achieve a greater degree of self-sufficiency—and that will weaken the campaign for more liberal oil-import quotas and lower depletion allowances.

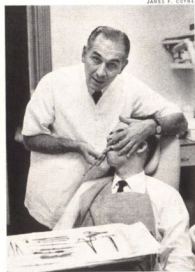
The Hidden Promise of the 1970s

AS the results of the 1970 census pour from the Government's computers, population analysts are finding an astonishing number of encouraging trends for the nation's economy. Almost everybody stands to become more prosperous in the next few years and beyond. Census Bureau officials calculate that the median income of the U.S. family, measured in dollars of constant buying power, will rise from \$8,600 in 1969 to \$10,900 by the beginning of 1975. Then the figure will continue upward, to \$14,700 by 1985. Says the bureau's director, George Hay Brown: "We are heading into a society with an affluent majority."

Brown's forecast assumes, as most economists do, that incomes and productivity will increase in the 1970s at the same rate that they did in the past decade. By 1985, some 16% of U.S. families are expected to be earning \$25,000 or more a year, five times the current percentage. Since 1959, the number of persons below the official poverty level has fallen from 39.5 million to 25.4 million, a drop from 22% to only 12% of the population; the rate of decline has been accelerating in recent years.

Popular myth to the contrary, says Herman Miller, chief of the Census Bureau's population division, "the rich are not getting richer and the poor poorer. The money is being spread around more and more."

Leisure and Luxuries. Though the markets of the future are highly unpredictable because of social and political uncertainties, several trends seem likely to occur. Consumers—and voters—will have an unprecedented amount of choice about how to spend their new wealth. A substantial part will probably be siphoned away by higher taxes, but those taxes could help to pay for cleaner air and water, improved medical care, better teachers, more reliable public transportation and new day-care centers for working mothers. Even so, the demand for luxury goods and services will probably soar. Millions of families will buy or rent more lavish homes and apartments, and load them with the latest gadgets. Marketing analysts anticipate a big increase in sales of swimming pools and second homes. Spending for leisure and travel will rise anew, in part because of the increase in three-day weekends that begins this year with



DENTIST



OCEANOGRAPHER



REPAIRMAN

Jobs for Tomorrow

GOVERNMENT and private studies predict that white-collar jobs will occupy more than half the U.S. labor force by 1980, compared with just over a third in 1950 and 43% in 1960. Among the 15 million new jobs expected to become available in the present decade, about a third will call for professional or technical skills. Because of increasing mechanization, the number

of agricultural workers will decline 21%, leaving only 2.7% of the labor force on the farm.

The most rapid gains are anticipated in state and local government jobs (up 52%), service industries (up 40%), and construction (up 35%). Job openings should increase at the fastest rate in the Pacific and Mountain states, while growth will be comparatively slow in

New England and the mid-Atlantic states.

Among the most promising occupations to aim for:

Computer programmer	Optometrist
Craftsman	Physician
Dentist	Psychologist
Dietitian	Repairman
Financial expert	Salesman
Geologist	Social scientist
Medical technician	Systems analyst
Oceanographer	

the switch of four federal holidays to Mondays. Outdoor recreation will be increasingly popular, lifting sales of boats, ski equipment, picnic and camping gear. If the four-day work week wins a foothold, it can only reinforce all these prospects.

There was a substantial increase in the number of working wives during the 1960s. Census Bureau experts expect the trend to continue and boost family income. A surprising number of women from affluent families go to work, more out of desire than need. Among wives whose husbands earn less than \$5,000 a year, 45% have jobs; but so do 35% of the wives whose husbands are paid \$15,000 or more, and 26% of wives whose husbands get \$25,000 or more.

Accent on Newlyweds. Above all else, business opportunities in the 1970s will be affected by startling changes in the age mix of the U.S. population. Because of the low birth rate, population rose only 1.1% last year, to 206 million. Census experts envisage an increase of only 1.3% a year until 1975 and 1.4%-a-year growth until 1980 (to about 230 million). Fully one-third of that increase will come among 25- to 34-year-olds; they were born during the postwar "baby boom," and are now becoming newlyweds themselves.

The 1970s will become the era of the young marrieds. They will provide a huge market for minimal-cost housing: mobile homes, or tiny town houses and apartments in the far-out suburbs. Builders estimate that construction of such units may have to double from present levels. "Young marrieds are avid consumers," notes Adman Victor Bloede, president of Manhattan's Benton & Bowles. "They buy everything." They also borrow heavily. In particular, they will want appliances and furniture, pots and dishes, infants' wear and home entertainment items as diverse as Tia Maria and tape recorders.

By contrast, there will be little increase in the 45-to-64 age group. Seasoned executives may be in such short supply that many will postpone retirement. The number of U.S. teen-agers will hardly rise at all by 1980, a fact that may reshape the market for companies that cashed in on rock records and teen clothing during the 1960s. The sub-teen population (ages five through twelve) will actually shrink, cutting into the demand for breakfast cereals, some soft drinks, toys and bicycles. Says Argus Research Corp. Economist Sam Nakagama: "American families can now spend money on themselves instead of their kids, getting rid of a great burden on family budgets." A burden will be lifted from state and local taxpayers too. Elementary school population is expected to decline until 1975 and remain below its present level even in 1980. Except in fast-growth areas, there will be little need to build more schools in the next ten years.

Business will be profoundly affected

by geographic shifts in population. Two out of three Americans live in metropolitan areas (v. 42% in 1900), but the growth rate of the biggest urban areas is dwindling. Because suburbs have become more populous than central cities, there will be more construction of shopping centers—and more trouble for downtown department stores. The move away from big-city centers will also lead to less crowding of urban land. By the year 2000, census officials expect the population density of sprawling metropolitan areas to drop to about half of what it was in 1920.

Americans are increasingly choosing to dwell where the sun often shines, or near water. Half the U.S. now lives within 50 miles of a seacoast or the Great Lakes. The fast gainers in the 1960s were middle-sized metropolitan areas (pop. 700,000 to 2,000,000) in California, Arizona and Texas. Among them: Anaheim-Santa Ana, up 100.2%; San Jose, up 65%; Phoenix, up 45%; San Bernardino-Riverside, up 39%; and Houston, up 38%.

The nation's expanding wealth and its enormous range of economic choices give Census Director Brown reason for optimism. "George Orwell was wrong," he says. "Everything I see indicates that we are going into 1985 in a country that is basically people-oriented, with strong individualism, a free market and a democratic society beset by many problems, but working them out in terms of human liberty and dignity."

THE ECONOMY

Unemployment Down and Up

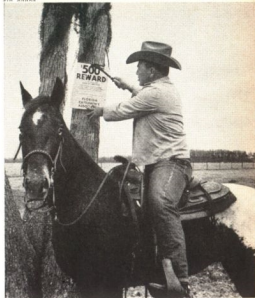
For the first time in seven months, unemployment dipped in January—or did it? The rate declined from a revised figure of 6.2% in December to 6% last month. But the actual number of jobless rose by 780,000, to 5,400,000, the highest since mid-1961. Unemployment usually increases in January, and seasonal adjustments brought last month's rate down.

ENTERPRISE

Range War in Florida

After watching television some nights, Red Simpson, a 56-year-old Florida cattle rancher, stars in a private little drama of his own. In the classic tradition of the video western, Simpson moseys out to his faithful Jeep and for several hours rides the range of Osceola County in search of rustlers. Cattle raising, long overshadowed by Florida's famous beach resorts, is big business in the Sunshine State, where the first stock was brought in by Ponce de León in 1521. Today almost a quarter of all Florida's acreage is grazing land for 1,800,000 head of beef. But the vast spreads, some of which measure 300,000 acres, are difficult to patrol. Despite the best efforts of men like Red Simpson, increasingly active rustlers make off with

JIM ARNOLD



SUNSHINE STATE RANCHER POSTS REWARD
And the herds are uneasy all day.

an estimated \$3,000,000 worth of Florida beef each year.

The worst threat comes from organized gangs, which nightly prowl the back roads of the cattle country until they spot an unguarded herd. Working swiftly, the thieves cut out the best cattle, load them onto their trucks and speed away to remote areas, where huge trailers are waiting with their lights off. After ten or 15 prime steers are led up a loading ramp into the trailer, the van roars off. Rustlers have no trouble selling the steers for up to \$300 a head at regularly scheduled livestock auctions, some in Georgia and Alabama. Many ranchers contend that a portion of the stolen beef winds up in Florida's resort motels and Mafia-controlled restaurants.

Besides the professional, gang-style rustlers, amateur poachers pose a problem. They lasso and shoot or knife one or two steers at a time and often butcher them on the spot. Some of the meat goes into their freezers for future backyard barbecues. The rest is bootlegged to retailers. Because this beef is uninspected and carries no "prime" or "choice" stamps, it is usually ground up and sold as hamburger. Most sheriffs lack the manpower to check the rustlers. Instead, ranchers send gun-toting cowboys on range patrols in trucks and even light planes. The Florida Cattleman's Association puts up \$500 for tips leading to the conviction of any rustler; in the past 15 months, the reward has been collected only eight times. To sweeten the pot, county associations now offer additional rewards of up to \$1,000. The state department of agriculture has added an investigative branch to aid local lawmen and, to further deter cattle thieves, the legislature has raised the maximum penalty for trespassing to ten years and a \$10,000 fine.



HARDHATS AT MANHATTAN BUILDING SITE
The joke is on the public.

The U.S. v. Construction Workers

SOARING construction wages are the frequent butt of jokes by comedians and cartoonists. "Plumbers make so much money these days that they have to work about a week, with overtime, to pay for a Ford Maverick," glib Tennessee Ernie Ford in a recent radio commercial. What was once mere grumbling has lately turned to alarm among businessmen, economists and Government officials. They reason that unless the U.S. finds a way to stop exorbitant pay increases in construction, the pattern will continue to spread into many other industries and to undermine the nation's fight against inflation. The problem may even help lead the Nixon Administration to a tougher incomes policy. Last week Paul McCracken, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, told a congressional committee that he "would certainly not" rule out the possibility that the Administration might establish a broad wage-price board this year.

President Nixon has labeled the construction situation a "crisis." He summoned construction-industry and labor leaders to the White House last month and gave them 30 days to devise a voluntary plan to control the wage-and-price spree in building. The Government is construction's biggest customer, and Nixon has warned: "Unless the industry wants Government to intervene in wage negotiations on federal projects to protect the public interest, the moment is here for labor and management to make their own reforms."

Political Power. The question is whether the 17 A.F.I.-C.I.O. construction trades unions and their nearly 3,000,000 members in 10,000 locals can be persuaded to surrender some of their extraordinary bargaining powers. This week the first indications of the union position are likely to appear when the construction trades' executive council holds its annual midwinter meeting in Miami Beach. If the unions balk at co-operating with Nixon, say top Admin-

istration officials, the President will hardly be able to escape a bruising battle. Nixon would prefer to avoid a showdown because the hardhats have enormous political influence.

Construction is the nation's largest industry, bigger than autos and steel combined, and it has a pervasive effect on almost every other industry. When the price of roads, schools, hospitals, factories and housing rises faster than the productivity of the men who build them—as it has done—that bill is passed on to consumers and taxpayers through inflation. Construction costs have been climbing at a rate almost double that of all U.S. prices, helping to lift the cost of new homes beyond the reach of millions of middle-income families. In Manhattan, says Architect Richard Roth Jr., "you cannot rent an apartment at a price high enough to justify building it."

Rising construction costs have forced some businessmen to defer plans for new factories or to shift production abroad, depriving Americans of jobs. Voters, fed up with local tax increases, are rejecting bond issues for schools and other public projects with increasing frequency. Labor leaders themselves are worried. Says Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers: "There is no question that the wage increases in construction are excessive."

Last year labor settlements gave union construction workers an average wage raise of 18.3%, more than double the 8.1% increase in manufacturing. The real gap was even larger because construction pay was already inflated far above the national average. Building tradesmen won pay and fringe-benefit rises averaging 90.4¢ an hour, compared with 24.3¢ for workers in other industries. Many settlements will virtually double construction wages over the next three years. For example, hourly pay for Wichita operating engineers will go up from \$5.40 to \$10.50; Hartford, Conn., electricians, from \$6.75 to

\$12.50; for Los Angeles sheet-metal workers, from \$7.06 to \$12.06.

One study of 27 areas found that workers in seven of the lowest-paid building trades averaged \$11,342 yearly in wages and fringes. Indiana ironworkers were averaging \$15,828 a year, and Southern California carpenters were collecting up to \$22,234. Says Cleveland Contractor William J. Hunkin II: "In 1969, I paid one operating engineer \$34,928, I paid one common laborer \$27,844 and another \$23,983. Seven of my other common laborers earned \$19,500 to \$22,500." In New York City, some electricians get \$35,000 a year.

Creating Shortages. The building unions have been able to extort outside increases because they control most of the labor supply. Contractors get their manpower for each project through union hiring halls. Unions generally dictate crew sizes and working conditions. If a contractor refuses to schedule regular overtime, he is given the dregs of the labor pool. Unions have been able to create artificial labor shortages by restricting admission; most insist on a tortuous apprenticeship training of three to five years. Local unions usually do their own bargaining, city by city and craft by craft. When one powerful union wins a fat increase, every other union leader in the area must try to leapfrog to a higher settlement—or risk losing face and perhaps his job. No wonder that one-third of the construction negotiations end up in strikes.

Few builders can withstand a long strike because they work with borrowed capital that can be repaid only after they collect for a complete job. Fragmented bargaining produces bizarre effects. When a strike hit Trenton, N.J., carpenters had only to drive beyond the city limits to find plentiful jobs, many with the same contractors they were striking.

Fighting back, more and more contractors have begun to operate on an open-shop basis, which enables them to avoid strikes, forced overtime, featherbedding and the chronic friction between crafts. Of course, open-shop contractors have no access to union hiring halls, so their main strength is in the suburbs, where unions are less entrenched. Big engineering and construction firms that employ 100% union labor complain that in two years they have lost \$7.5 billion worth of work to open-shop and non-union operators. Some 3,000 construction firms have banded together in a nationwide association, the Associated Builders and Contractors, Inc., to promote open-shop building. More than 110 corporations that are big buyers of commercial and industrial buildings have joined the Construction Users' Anti-Inflation Roundtable, chaired by former U.S. Steel Chief Roger Blough. The group has had some success in persuading companies to refuse excessive overtime and to postpone projects in order to help contractors resist union demands.

President Nixon has called for "more



A FRIEND FROM CHATTANOOGA came across this picture of the "White Rabbit" and it reminded us of the early days of Jack Daniel's Distillery.

We recall that back when Mr. Jack was just starting, he had a hard time sending out the whiskey he made. He tried carrying it county to county by wagon, but that took too much of his time. So he opened the "White Rabbit," right in Lynchburg, and sold his product to his neighbors. And that worked fine, until the county went dry. But by then, the railroad had moved in and he was able to ship the whiskey out by rail. While it was open, however, the "White Rabbit" did help make some friends for Mr. Jack's whiskey. Some folks we know have told us they'd like to have a copy of this picture. So we've made up a few extras, in a little bigger size. If you'd like one, write to Mr. Garland Dusenberry, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee. He'll take care of it.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



No businessman can ignore the massive economic factors with which economists deal or the effect they might have on his business. However, we agree with one of the country's leading — and frankest — economists, Pierre Rinfret, who recently noted, "Economists and the information they provide can be very useful to management, but businessmen should not let economists, or their ideas, run their businesses."

It seems particularly good advice right now, when most businessmen are puzzling over what really happened to the economy last year — and are looking to the economists for predictions of what is likely to happen in the near-term future.

Factors such as money supply and other government economic policies truly do affect the general business climate. But a company's own careful planning and evaluation of its specific opportunities are far more important to its success or failure.

In Rockwell, for example, the classic economic indicator of housing starts, which has been so disappointing until recently, has not stalled progress in our power tool, gas and water meter businesses, although in part all depend on it. Our managers in these areas identified specific segments of growth, new product potential, and competitive weaknesses within the overall "housing" market that have resulted in significant sales increases.

In most markets, no matter what the trend, there are likely to be "hot" segments. Our goal is to have alert managers, leading flexible, innovative organizations, which can capitalize on such opportunities to make gains even in the face of overall market decline.

Thanks, Pierre, for reminding us that there's no substitute for hard-headed management judgment in running a business.

Growing plants: One of the most recent additions we've made to in-plant facilities doesn't have a thing to do with improved manufacturing. But it has a lot to do with the customer. The new facility, installed at our plant in DuBois, Pa., is a high-pressure closed test loop — the largest in the gas industry. The loop simulates "in-house", the widely varying pressure conditions and flow rates found in cross-country pipelines. As a result, we can put our gas meters and regulators through accuracy and performance tests that are impractical to perform in the field. And we can assure our customers of reliable

products — before they buy them.

Product parade: A few examples of new and improved products from the dozens introduced last year by Rockwell give a good insight into our diversity. Item: a line of variable speed, reversing Ultradrills for the home hobbyist . . . Item: an atomic power station valve design . . . Item: second-generation TurboMeters to measure gas . . . Item: air-cooled engines for both pleasure and racing snowmobiles. We also added an entirely new "business" to our list with the acquisition of Smith-Blair, makers of pipe repair clamps and couplings.

consolidated bargaining, on an area or regional scope." That would reduce strikes and leapfrogging wage settlements, but there is no prospect that it could be put into effect quickly. Nixon's Construction Industry Collective Bargaining Commission, a twelve-man group of contractors, labor leaders and Government officials, agreed a year ago that national unions should be granted veto power over strikes called by extremists in local unions. The commission also suggested giving union delegates binding authority to sign contracts that could not be voted down later by intransigent members. Both changes would require amendments to the Landrum-Griffin Act, but the Administration has so far made no move to introduce the necessary legislation.

Nixon has ruled out for the moment such tough moves as canceling some federally financed construction projects and suspending the Davis-Bacon Act. That law, which was passed in Herbert Hoover's Administration, requires that local "prevailing wages" be paid on all federally aided building jobs. With much justice, critics complain that the Labor Department drives up construction costs needlessly under Davis-Bacon by rubber-stamping the highest union wage rate as "prevailing" even though actual rates may be generally lower.

Hard Line? Without a voluntary agreement between unions and contractors to attack the wage-price spiral, only drastic action by the President or Congress can spare the U.S. from another burst of building wage inflation. Construction costs are already poised for a 14% rise this year, in great part because of wage increases already granted but not yet effective. To keep the situation from growing more painful, Administration officials are leaning toward a new policy. Provided labor and industry agree, Nixon would appoint a commission to review construction wage settlements and perhaps suggest terms. Such panels functioned smoothly during World War II, the Korean War and the 1961 labor troubles at U.S. missile sites. To make such a deal, labor may well ask an exorbitant price, including an easing of federal attempts to reform apprenticeship rules and to get more blacks into the unions.

Nixon will face a momentous question: Will the economic and political gains from taking a hard line against the hardhats outweigh their potent enmity in the 1972 election? Having talked so much about the need for bargaining changes, the President would lose stature with other voters if he accepted a rebuff from the unions. Now that gradual withdrawal has defused Viet Nam as a political issue, Nixon no longer needs support from the construction workers as much as he once did. And it is becoming plainer every day that inflationary wage raises for the 4% of the labor force engaged in construction are won at everybody else's expense.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208, makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 32 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

This page is radioactive.

A scare headline?

Only to the uninformed.

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Yes.

A person living in the vicinity of a typical nuclear power plant, 24 hours a day for a full year, is exposed to 5 millirems or less of radiation. (A millirem is 1/1000 of a rem, the standard unit of measurement of the biological effect of radiation.)

That's 5 millirems.

How does this figure compare to the natural background radiation we live with day-in and day-out?

To begin with, cosmic rays from space expose us to an average of 30 millirems a year. This varies depending at what elevation we live. Just moving from a house 1000 feet above sea-level to any place 1000 feet higher exposes us to 5 more millirems of radiation.

The ground itself exposes us to another 20 millirems.

Our buildings? 45 millirems on the average. Again this figure varies somewhat—depending on whether they are built of stone, brick, concrete or wood.

Our food and drink? About 25 millirems.

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MUSIC

Carmen on the Cuff

With the help of credit cards, New Yorkers can charge clothes, cosmetics, cash, even crash trips to the Caribbean. Now get ready for *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Carmen*. Last week the staid Metropolitan Opera announced that it would accept BankAmericard, Diners' Club, Master Charge, Uni-Card and Carte Blanche at the box office. The reason: sagging sales (already down by 7% this season) and the high cost of seating at \$35 a pair top.

Janis and Jimi, Op. Posth.

It was a mere coincidence of time and happenstance. But it seemed to sum up an era with cruel finality. In New York last August, Rock Superstar Jimi Hendrix completed a record album, flew off for a brief tour of Germany, wound up in London, where he died of an overdose of sleeping pills. In Los Angeles, White Blues Queen Janis Joplin was finishing up an album of her own when she, too, perished of an overdose—in her case, heroin. They had both lived lives of loud, frenzied desperation that had made them, in the opinion of many, burned-out cases, and both at the identical age of 27.

Their last records are now at hand. Anyone with an ear can hear that Janis and Jimi were far from burned out. Moreover, each was instinctively aware that pop music has started to move beyond the pulsating eroticism Janis and Jimi once typified toward deeper, more poetic expression.

The new records either dispense with buzz and blast entirely, or else hold it tightly under control. Hendrix's *The Cry of Love* (Reprise) contains more tenderness and calm than anything he ever did before. *Angel*, for example, substitutes rich, poignant Beatlesque harmonies for the handful of blunt blues chord changes that used to characterize much of his work. *Drifting* is a lighter-than-air romantic ballad that could almost be sung by Crooner Johnny Mathis: "Drifting on a sea of forgotten teardrops/On a lifeboat/Sailin' for your love/Sailin' home." Big-beat songs like *Freedom* and *Nightbird Flyin'* do hark back to the past, yet for once, there is no screech or reverberation to get in the way of the music. For the uninitiated—or for those who turned off when Jimi turned on before an audience like a black Elvis Presley—*The Cry of Love* should be sufficient proof that there was indeed heart beneath his mod show-business veneer.

Joplin's *Pearl* (Columbia) is not just her best LP, but in all probability the best ever recorded by a white female blues singer. In contrast to the blowsy, brassy backing of three earlier LPs, she is supported this time by the Full Tilt Boogie Band, a tightly knit combo dominated by Richard Bell's superb piano. Never before did she exercise such con-



HENDRIX
Sailin' for your love.

trol over her voice. To hear her build Kris Kristofferson's country blues ballad, *Me & Bobby McGee*, from tree-shaded quiet into high-noon bustle is to know that pacing and nuance are not just the property of lieder singers. The familiar full-throated Joplin warbling is still present—in *Cry Baby* and *My Baby*. But the final song, *Get It While You Can*, is mournfully ironic:

We may not be here tomorrow,
And if anybody should come along,
He gonna kill you with love and
affection.

I say, get it while you can, yeh,
get it while you can.

—William Bender



JOPLIN
Get it while you can.

SHOW BUSINESS

Pruning Old Friends

With the current downturn in the TV economy (TIME, Feb. 1), the networks are cutting expenses as if they were X-rated movies. Employee rolls have also been snipped a bit. But even the latest reductions—at CBS and ABC—were what one ABC spokesman called a "pruning" involving faceless people, like secretaries or technicians. The next likely cutback will affect the viewers directly; it could involve old family friends like Ed Sullivan, Lawrence Welk and the Beverly Hillbillies.

TV series, according to industry rule of thumb, rise in cost between 8% and 10% a season. At the same time, they and their audiences often become more antique and less attractive to sponsors. That is why CBS last year dumped *Petticoat Junction* despite its relatively high ratings. Next season, with the networks limited to three nightly hours in prime time, there will be even less room for such granddaddy programs as CBS's *Ed Sullivan Show* (22 years old), NBC's *The Red Skelton Show* (19), ABC's *Lawrence Welk Show* (16) and CBS's *The Beverly Hillbillies* (9). They could be given a reprieve when the networks make their final decisions in the next month or so, but all seem likely to die as of now. Two younger golden oldies, Marlo Thomas's *That Girl* on ABC and NBC's *The Bill Cosby Show*, announced their retirements before the networks could consider canning them. Diahann Carroll's *Julia* is probably going off NBC after three seasons.

A particularly revealing illustration of the economic crunch is the case of *Mission: Impossible*. Paramount Television sells the series to CBS for up to \$210,000 per episode, plus perhaps another 10% to 15% for one summer repeat. Even at that top dollar, Paramount reportedly loses about \$30,000 a week on the multistarrer, action-crammed production. *Mission* will ultimately be a moneymaker—but only after it goes off network and the studio is then allowed to syndicate second and subsequent rerun rights. Thus, though the show may well be renewed, its producers would probably not grieve overmuch if it should self-destruct.

The Noble Non-Savage

Chief Dan George sits as if he were astride one of the horses he once rode across the British Columbian mountains. His back is straight as the arrows with which he shot deer and bear. His face is a seamed reflection of prairie hardships, crowned by a flowing silver mane. He is 71, but his belly is still taut from a daily regimen of 15 pushups. When asked if he likes life in a place like New York, Dan George is apt to shake his head gently and reply, "No, it is



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CHIEF DAN GEORGE
Soaring like a hawk.

not a good place to live. You have to look up to see the sky."

He may sound like your standard "white-eyes-hunt-the-yellow-iron" Central Casting Indian, but Dan George is the real thing, a former chief of British Columbia's Tse-lal-watt tribe. He is also, thanks to his magnificent performance as the noble non-savage in Arthur Penn's *Little Big Man*, the most astonishingly successful new actor in Hollywood. Much of the film's validity rests on his authentic and serene presence as Old Lodge Skins. When he tells his adopted grandson (Dustin Hoffman), "My heart soars like a hawk to see you," one can truly visualize a pair of swift wings beating across the sky. His remarkable performance has already won him the New York Film Critics' award for Best Supporting Actor of 1970 and made him an early favorite in the upcoming Oscar campaign.

The chief is not exactly an innocent plucked from the reserve. A few years ago one of his sons, who was in the production at the time, landed him a role as a tribal elder in a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation series, *Cariboo Country*. His first film was a Walt Disney western entitled *Smith!*, with Glenn Ford. He delivered the eloquent speech, given in 1877 by the venerable Nez Percé chief, Joseph, with only one hitch: Dan George speaks Squamish, not Nez Percé. They made do with Squamish.

Unbreakable Bones. As Penn began casting about for a white actor to play Old Lodge Skins, he considered Sir Laurence Olivier (who presumably would have dug up his old betel-nut makeup from *Khartoum*), and eventually offered the part to Richard Boone, who turned it down. Then Gene Lasko, associate producer of *Little Big Man*, happened to see *Smith!* and immediately dispatched

a script for the chief to read in Vancouver. Says Dan George, in his measured English: "I saw so many lines and dialogues. I got scared. I called Gene Lasko and told him it was too much for me. He encouraged me and said that the director was one of good will and would help me."

That was one of the rare occasions in his life when Dan George needed anyone's help. A descendant of six generations of Tse-lal-watt chiefs, Dan George as a boy hunted on Seymour Mountain with bow and arrow (he scoffs at "white Indian" westerns: "No Indian holds a bow perpendicular. You must shoot with the bow horizontal so the arrow doesn't curve to the ground"). He helped his father log the tribe's timber and often paddled a canoe into Vancouver for supplies. Baptized a Roman Catholic like his father and grandfather, Dan George attended the reserve's missionary school until he was 16, then quit to devote full time to logging. Three years later he was married, and as his family grew (two sons, four daughters) the timber dwindled. "My father-in-law got me into the stevedores' union," he remembers. He worked the docks for 26 years until 1947, when a swingload of timbers crushed muscles in his arms, hips and back (his bones, he says, were too strong to break). Still, he worked at construction jobs and logging until he won the CBC part.

White Philosophy. Dan George is quite pleased with the way things have turned out—especially in *Little Big Man*. "If you think deeply on the relationship of the white boy and his Indian grandfather it shows the worth of integration. That is what we're doing today and what I've dedicated my life to: the integration of Indians with the white man."

That does not mean that the chief approves of all of the white man's ways. He appreciates the merits of democracy; the chieftain's headdress he wore for twelve years was won by popular election. Yet he is gravely concerned about some of the ignoble byproducts of civilization. "The biggest part of my work is helping our children," he says. "Now that they attend white schools, they've been getting into trouble. They're adopting the white philosophy, and drugs for the first time are becoming a problem to our people. In the beginning I resented the adoption of the white man's ways, but I realize that if our children are to survive, they have to live and work in white society."

Dan George plans to continue acting—if only to see to it that the Indian is accurately portrayed. The idea of becoming Hollywood's resident Rich Indian hardly appeals to the chief. "I think if I stayed there long enough, I could get used to it," he reflects. "I like the scenery in the West; the valleys and the open plains are so beautiful, even when it's raining or snowing. But I like it best where I was born and raised. Moving off the reserve is for another generation."

The 7:30 Curtain

The idea seemed simple enough. Raise Broadway curtains at 7:30 p.m. instead of 8:30, and all those suburbanites and would-be theatergoers from New York's outlying boroughs could stop worrying about missing the last train and getting the baby sitter home. Still, it took the League of New York Theaters years to get the unions and the producers of all the shows on Broadway to agree.

This past December they did, and early last month the new curtain time went into effect. Despite the league's enthusiasm, early evidence suggests that the 7:30 plan made little financial difference. A comparison of last January's gross receipts with this January's shows only a negligible change. But there are other, intangible benefits.

In making the switch, the theater owners were meddling with the eating and drinking habits of thousands of New York theatergoers inside the city and out. Restaurant proprietors were the most severely affected, and many of them announced split-schedule dinners, with cocktails and the main course before the show, dessert and coffee afterward. In practice, the simpler pattern of a couple of martinis and some hors d'oeuvres first and dinner after is frequently followed. That has changed not only the audiences' dining habits, but the audiences—probably for the better. "It reminds me of London," says Carol Channing, star of *Four on a Garden*. "The audience is not overstuffed, overfed, and can enjoy the play more. People laugh better on empty stomachs." Maureen Stapleton (*The Gingerbread Lady*) looks beyond the closing curtain: "I love the 7:30 curtain. It gives me more time for parties afterwards."



LIPSON WITH POSTER FOR EARLY CURTAIN
People laugh better on empty stomachs.

BOOKS

Puzzle Without Solution

STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA, 1911-45 by Barbara W. Tuchman. 621 pages. Macmillan. \$10.

For as long as anyone can remember, China has puzzled Americans. U.S. feelings have been a mixture of fascination, affection—and disastrous delusion. During World War II the result was complete military failure in China as well as a legacy of bitterness between China and the U.S. So argues Barbara Tuchman. The value of her engrossing popular history is that it provides a kind of psychological purgative.

The American fantasy—that the U.S. could be China's protector—began about the turn of the century. On the one hand there was John Hay's "Open Door" policy, which in fact meant that the U.S. demanded equal trading rights with the European powers. On the other, there was the zeal, mostly idealistic, of religious missionaries, whose work had the support of millions back home. By

the end of World War I, the sense of mission and patronage was so strong that public and press angrily denounced Woodrow Wilson when he acquiesced to Japan's taking over Germany's privileges in China's Shantung province. In a foreshadowing of the bitterness of the late '40s and early '50s, Republicans used Wilson's "betrayal" of China as a major theme in the campaign of 1920.

Particular Hubris. Enter Barbara Tuchman's Joseph Stilwell, 36, a slight, bespectacled, but athletic captain from New York's Westchester County, whose aptitude for language made him the first U.S. Army officer sent to Peking for training in China. He was to spend 13 of the next 24 years there.

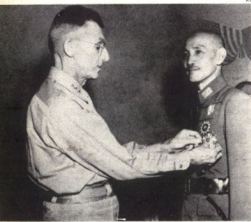
The years before the U.S. entered World War II were enough to exhaust any Westerner's patience. The Nationalist Chinese victory of 1928 over the provincial warlords was never total. Its reformist possibilities were gradually destroyed by corruption and ineptitude and by the bitter power struggle with the emerging Communist Party, which challenged the existence of Chiang Kai-shek's regime. Many in Chiang's Kuomintang Party were attempting to push China toward modernization and industrialization, the path taken by Japan the century before. Many others seemed content to take what they could from a peasantry long accustomed to abuse. Chiang's tragedy, according to Tuchman, was that he was incapable of making a decisive break with the past.

Japanese aggression, which began with the occupation of Manchuria in 1931, met with little opposition. Usually the Chinese were woefully lacking in modern arms, but time and time again they simply abandoned their defenses. With a centuries-long Chinese perspective of history, the Nationalists looked on the Japanese as merely a temporary threat. Eventually, Chiang reasoned, Japanese

forces would bog down in China's vastness, or Japan would provoke a war with the West, which would fight China's battle for her. In the meantime, he felt, the central government must hoard its resources for the long-term internal struggle against the Communists. The concept was so profoundly alien to Westerners at the time that few Americans, observing the steady Japanese advance, could grasp it at all. Stilwell understood it. But by World War II it became his particular *hubris* to believe he and his country could mobilize China's manpower against Japan when her own leaders would not. The resulting struggle forms the most dramatic portion of the book.

Quill by Quill. Stilwell returned to the U.S. in 1939 to help train the growing American Army. But by early 1942 he was back in China. His mission: to provide American arms and training for the flagging Chinese. The Japanese already controlled the coast and were fast overrunning Burma, the only overland supply route from India. Given command of two Chinese armies to secure the defense of Burma, he quickly discovered that real control remained in Chungking, Chiang's mountain capital. His orders were often ignored. When a British general asked his Chinese counterpart what had happened to the field guns he had seen dug in for defense the day before, he was given an answer worthy of the Queen of Hearts. "The Fifth Army is our best army," the Chinese explained, "because it is the only one which has any field guns, and I cannot afford to risk those guns."

Naturally, Burma fell to the Japanese. Only the U.S. seemed interested in winning it back. Speaking for Britain, Winston Churchill observed that marching back through the Burmese jungles would be like "munching a porcupine quill by quill." The Chinese were not eager to recapture a former British colony and seemed oblivious to Burma's strategic importance. Stilwell came to hold Chiang, whom he privately called "the



STILWELL DECORATING CHIANG KAI-SHEK, 1943 . . .



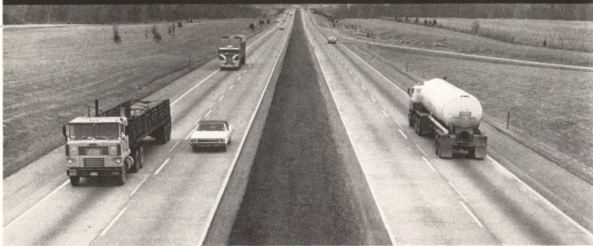
AND LEADING A COLUMN OF TROOPS DOWN A BURMA RIVER



JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING A CHINESE TOWN IN 1938

A problem not of personalities but of historic perspective.

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Both deserve equal assistance from Washington!**



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Peanut," in total contempt—a feeling he managed to hide not at all. Chiang, a remote figure protected by a smothering entourage and ultrasensitive to any slight, reciprocated. He and Madame Chiang campaigned for Stilwell's recall.

The story of the next 2½ years was chiefly one of frustration. President Roosevelt, who maintained against much evidence that China was a great power, intervened again and again and seriously undercut his field commander. Intrigued by the fashionable "victory through airpower" arguments of General Claire Chennault, the U.S. diverted badly needed supplies from the ground Army to Chennault's Air Force, which launched air attacks from Chinese bases. The Japanese took the airfields—as well as entire provinces and a population of 100 million. By the time Stilwell's Chinese troops were belatedly put on the offensive and had opened a supply line through Northern Burma in August 1944, the U.S. was advancing across the Pacific and China's war effort seemed less important. Still, in one of history's extraordinary exchanges, Roosevelt, finally disenchanted, demanded that Stilwell be put in absolute charge of all Chinese land forces. It was a bluff—for Roosevelt was secretly fearful that China would drop out of the war entirely—and Chiang called it. Stilwell was brought home.

Mrs. Tuchman's personal sympathies are all with Stilwell, and her bias shows through. She is too good a historian, though, not to admit his faults, among them a total lack of diplomacy, which won him the nickname "Vinegar Joe." In a job that required the most delicate tact, Stilwell managed to be Yankee-averse, not merely to Chiang, but to the British and many Americans as well.

Still, as Mrs. Tuchman shows, the real problem was not one of personalities but a historic and cultural gap between East and West so profound that it swallowed generals and Presidents alike. Roosevelt, and most other Americans, thought of China as a great wounded giant that could be brought back to health. Stilwell knew that China was a nation in chaos but thought nonetheless that it could be forced to fight. Both were wrong. Stilwell's "mission failed in its ultimate purpose," Mrs. Tuchman writes, "because the goal was unachievable. The impulse was not Chinese. . . . China was a problem for which there was no American solution, [and] in the end . . . went her own way as if the Americans had never come."

■ Gerald Clarke

Really the Blues

THE NEW CENTURIONS by Joseph Wambaugh. 376 pages. Atlantic-Little Brown. \$6.95.

Criminologists, law professors and judges have theories and ideas and observations about crime, but policemen know. Because they are just ordinary men, the burden of knowledge generally

makes them clannish, somewhat smug and unusually prone to divorce and suicide. In the case of Joseph Wambaugh, a sergeant in the Los Angeles police department, firsthand knowledge has led to a workmanlike first novel, short on nuance, but notably convincing. It follows three L.A.P.D. rookies through five years on the force, climaxing in the terrorized disorder of the police effort to contain the 1965 Watts riot.

Along the way, Wambaugh's three cops find battered children, chain-swinging homosexuals, a drunk so close to death from malnutrition that even the skin on his hands has rotted off, a shotgun blast in the stomach, an actress-carhop who has used so many names that she has almost forgotten the one she

REICARD KALK



SGT. JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

Crime is random, and for real.

was born with. Finally, one of the officers meets a sudden, cruelly meaningless death while investigating a routine family quarrel.

Such incidents have been written about before as well as dramatized for TV audiences. In such cases they are usually presented for thrills, or to sharpen the pace of a story. In *Centurions*, they are encountered as a policeman would encounter them, matter-of-factly, almost at random, and all the more real for it. Wambaugh has also portrayed cops beating suspects, insulting Negroes, bending arrest reports to satisfy courtroom requirements, or stashing liquor in their favorite cab boxes. The policeman-author, who is now a burglary detective, has been admonished by L.A. Police Chief Edward M. Davis, officially, because he failed to get permission to publish *The New Centurions*. Presumably, though, the department also was not pleased by Wambaugh's literary lapse of organizational loyalty. Of course, it is those very displays of unblurred vision that keep Wambaugh's book unpreachy, believable and out of trouble with the reader.

■ José M. Ferrer III

The Stirring Pot

THE GOVERNOR by Edward R.F. Sheehan. 313 pages. World. \$6.95.

The term "regional novel" usually applies to cameos of life from the North Woods or the Spoon River basin, but it should probably be expanded to take in Boston and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. There are more ethnic novels around these days—with the Jews, the Irish and the Italians fighting it out for the Nostalgia Cup as they once vied for control of city councils. *The Governor*, the latest Irish entry, is a genial updating of the late Edwin O'Connor's Boston. All it lacks is O'Connor's stereotypical skill at making two-dimensional characters seem solid.

Governor Emmett Shannon is a mick *manqué* who goes to Mass only when the press is present. His battle with a contracting czar over the grafting of parking facilities onto Boston's tiny, jewel-like Public Gardens is neither as funny nor as deadly as it should be. Still, Edward Sheehan is expert at mapping the social-climbing customs of the local clans, Irish civic life—with its blend of the sacred and profane, its flouting of the separation between church and state—is the author's real subject. The Emmett Shannons of the world still have their Sister Philomena teaching arithmetic: "Emmett, how much is four prophecies plus eight prophecies divided by three prophecies?" The religious oddments that Sheehan calls "the pornography of piety" still litter their homes.

There are new frills, to be sure. The whisky priests now come to bless Buicks in return for booze, and the downtown businessman's chapel has a huge garage underneath. But as the author well knows, the pot has not quite melted yet and the smart satirist keeps going back for nuggets.

■ Martha Duffy

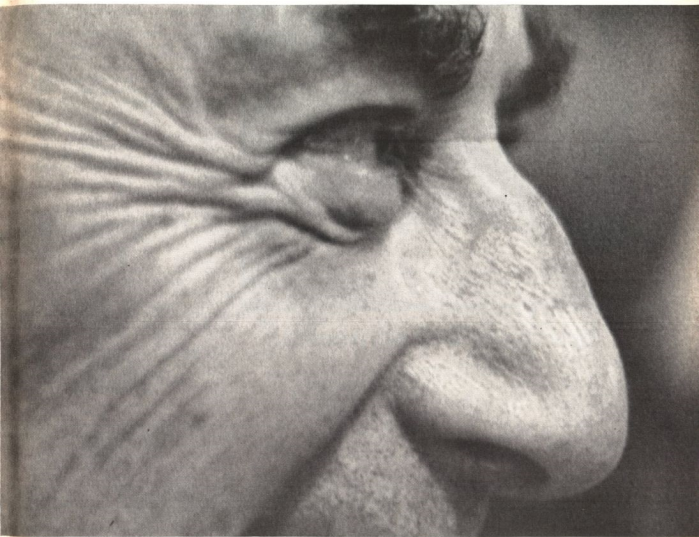
Liberal's Crackup

DIDMAN by John Speicher. 262 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

The haunted WASP protagonists of John Speicher's novels seem to have a fatal weakness for social causes they cannot call their own. In *Looking for Baby Paradise*, a young Ivy League Lancelot risks life and sanity as a youth-recreation worker among the warring street gangs of New York's Washington Heights. Now in *Didman*, Speicher's second novel, an alcoholic publishing executive loses himself in a black-militant plan to attack the New York Stock Exchange.

What makes Joe Didman's plight so relevant is that he finally recognizes his own historical irrelevance. Didman's liberal conscience originally made him an outcast among fellow Yale graduates who, in the Silent '50s, sought the maximum security of suburbia while Didman chose a deteriorating New York City, hoping to forward his progressive

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Otto Meyer wanted us to keep his nose out of this ad. But we needed it to make a point.

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Otto Meyer brought his nose to this country in 1938. It was born into a family that has made wine and brandy since the 18th century.

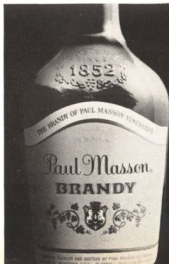
It was endowed with sensitivity, and from youth it gained experience with spirits of all sorts. Now, fully matured, it has won recognition as the best brandy nose west of the Atlantic.

Which is why it is essential to the story of Paul Masson brandy. Fortunately we convinced Otto Meyer of that. Otherwise there would have been no one to appeal to.

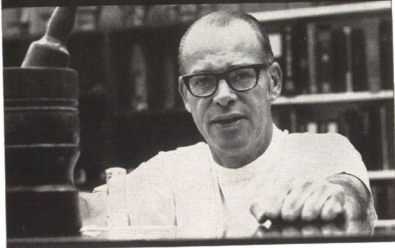
You see, Otto Meyer is not only our Master Brandy Blender. He is also our President.

Nothing good happens fast.

Brandy 80 Proof. Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, Calif. © 1970.



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Ask my customers about the prices of prescriptions and they'll usually say "they keep going up!"

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*American Druggist Survey, 1969

ideas through publishing. Instead, he finds himself powerless to prevent Government agencies from using his publishing house as a propaganda mill.

He also feels betrayed by the angry poor who now mock his social concern: "He had used it to distinguish himself from the slobs of an earlier decade. ... Strange that he should see his liberalism become younger men's Babbitry." He has fallen prey to the schizoid confusion that comes from trying to see both sides of any issue, instead of reacting instinctively.

As the book opens, Didman's private world is collapsing along with his sense of proportion. His wife has divorced him. He has resigned his job and gone to live in the addict-infested slums of the Lower East Side. Tormented by the thought that his options were at best illusory, he becomes a 39-year-old Ginger Man, filled with rage and a ravaging sexual lust in a city he wildly envisions as a racial prison camp.

Part victim, part protagonist, Didman drinks and fornicates his way through perversely comic and dreadful, nightmarish scenes, drifting toward a vision of his final destiny: he must become a self-willed pawn of the black-power movement. "Generals, politicians, princes—they killed in quest of power," he mauls to himself. "Why shouldn't an editor? Why shouldn't a middle-class family man?"

In an explosive, fragmented style, Author Speicher documents his man's decline and fall with a furious blend of sardonic humor, and steamy, seamy scene setting in the slums. Speicher's assaults on the folly of both the self-enchanted and the disenfranchised are a literary achievement, the transformation of social outrage into art.

■ George Dickerson

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Q&A VII, Uris (2 last week)
2. Love Story, Segal (1)
3. Islands in the Stream, Hemingway (3)
4. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie (5)
5. Caravan to Vaccines, MacLean (4)
6. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (7)
7. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (9)
8. Knots, Laing
9. God Is an Englishman, Delderfield (10)
10. Crystal Cave, Stewart (6)

NONFICTION

1. The Greening of America, Reich (1)
2. Khrushchev Remembers, Khrushchev (2)
3. Future Shock, Toffler (5)
4. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (3)
5. Civilization, Clark (7)
6. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (4)
7. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (6)
8. The Making of a Surgeon, Nolen
9. A White House Diary, Johnson (10)
10. The Rising Sun, Toland (9)

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